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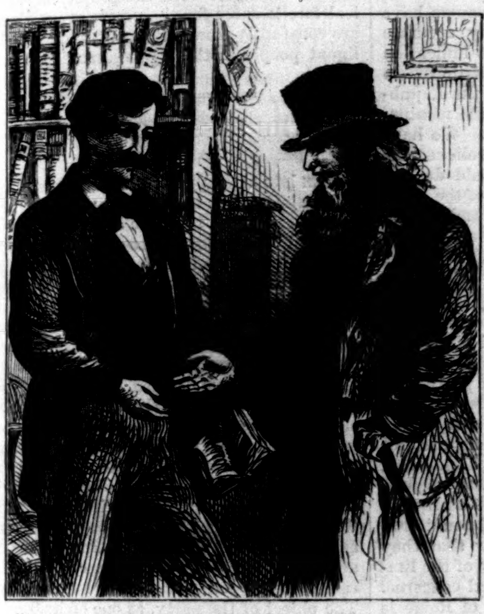
FARM BALLADS.—By Will M. Carleton.

[Written for Harper's Weekly.]

HOW BETSEY AND I MADE UP.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR LUMLEY.

Give us your hand, Mr. Lawyer: how do you do to-day?
You drew up that paper—I s'pose you want your pay.
Don't cut down your figures; make it an X or a V;
For that 'ere written agreement was just the makin' of me.

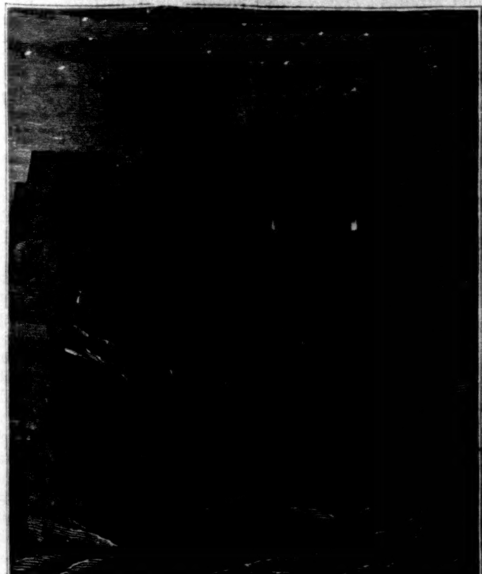


"GIVE US YOUR HAND, MR. LAWYER: HOW DO YOU DO TO-DAY?"

Goin' home that evenin' I tell you I was blue,
Thinkin' of all my troubles, and what I was goin' to do;
And if my hosses hadn't been the steadiest team alive,
They'd 've tipped me over, certain, for I couldn't see where to drive.

No—for I was laborin' under a heavy load;
No—for I was travelin' an entirely different road;
For I was a-tracin' over the path of our lives ag'in,
And seein' where we missed the way, and where we might have been.

And many a corner we'd turned that just to a quarrel led,
When I ought to 've held my temper, and driven straight ahead;
And the more I thought it over the more these memories came,
And the more I struck the opinion that I was the most to blame.



"AND JUST AS I TURNED A HILL-TOP I SEE THE KITCHEN LIGHT."

And things I had long forgotten kept risin' in my mind,
Of little matters betwixt us, where Betsey was good and kind;
And these things they flashed all through me, as you know things sometimes will
When a feller's alone in the darkness, and every thing is still.

"But," says I, "we're too far along to take another track,
And when I put my hand to the plow I do not oft turn back;
And 'tain't an uncommon thing now for couples to smash in two;"
And so I set my teeth together, and vowed I'd see it through.

When I come in sight o' the house 'twas some'at in the night,
And just as I turned a hill-top I see the kitchen light;
Which often a han'some pictur' to a hungry person makes,
But it don't interest a feller much that's goin' to pull up stakes.

And when I went in the house the table was set for me—
As good a supper's I ever saw, or ever want to see;
And I crammed the agreement down my pocket as well as I could,
And fell to eatin' my victuals, which somehow didn't taste good.

And Betsey she pretended to look about the house,
But she watched my side coat pocket like a cat would watch a mouse;
And then she went to foolin' a little with her cup,
And intently readin' a newspaper, a-holdin' it wrong side up.

And when I'd done my supper I drawed the agreement out,
And give it to her without a word, for she knowed what 'twas about;
And then I hummed a little tune, but now and then a note
Was bu'sted by some animal that hopped up in my throat.

"AND INTENTLY READIN' A NEWSPAPER, A-HOLDIN' IT WRONG SIDE UP."

Then Betsey she got her specs from off the mantel-shelf,
And read the article over quite softly to herself;
Read it by little and little, for her eyes is gettin' old,
And lawyers' writin' ain't no print, especially when it's cold.

And after she'd read a little she give my arm a touch,
And kindly said she was afraid I was 'lowin' her too much;
But when she was through she went for me, her face a-streamin' with tears,
And kissed me for the first time in over twenty years!

I don't know what you'll think, Sir—I didn't come to inquire—
But I picked up that agreement and stuffed it in the fire;
And I told her we'd bury the hatchet alongside of the cow;
And we struck an agreement never to have another row.

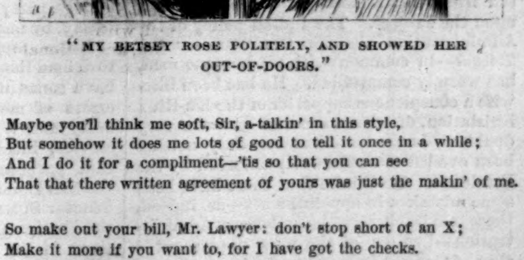
And I told her in the future I wouldn't speak cross or rash
If half the crockery in the house was broken all to smash;
And she said, in regards to heaven, we'd try and learn its worth
By startin' a branch establishment and runnin' it here on earth.

And so we sat a-talkin' three-quarters of the night,
And opened our hearts to each other until they both grew light;
And the days when I was winnin' her away from so many men
Was nothin' to that evenin' I courted her over again.

"AND KISSED ME FOR THE FIRST TIME IN OVER TWENTY YEARS!"

Next mornin' an ancient virgin took pains to call on us,
Her lamp all trimmed and a-burnin' to kindle another fuss;
But when she went to pryin' and openin' of old sores,
My Betsey rose politely, and showed her out-of-doors.

Since then I don't deny but there's been a word or two;
But we've got our eyes wide open, and know just what to do:
When one speaks cross the other just meets it with a laugh,
And the first one's ready to give up considerable more than half.



"MY BETSEY ROSE POLITELY, AND SHOWED HER OUT-OF-DOORS."

Maybe you'll think me soft, Sir, a-talkin' in this style,
But somehow it does me lots of good to tell it once in a while;
And I do it for a compliment—'tis so that you can see
That that there written agreement of yours was just the makin' of me.

So make out your bill, Mr. Lawyer: don't stop short of an X;
Make it more if you want to, for I have got the checks.
I'm richer than a National Bank, with all its treasures told,
For I've got a wife at home now that's worth her weight in gold.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1871.

FOUR MONTHS FOR ONE DOLLAR.

"POOR MISS FINCH,"

a new and beautifully illustrated serial story, by

WILKIE COLLINS,

author of "The Woman in White," "The Moonstone," etc., is commenced this week in HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New Subscribers will be supplied with the WEEKLY from September 2, in which Number this story begins, to the close of the year, four months, for ONE DOLLAR.

☞ *The* SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains, besides many other attractive features, two splendid full-page illustrations*—"WAITING FOR THE EVENING BOAT" *and* "HURRYING FOR THE TRAIN"—*the latter a series of humorous sketches illustrating the disastrous consequences of being late for the cars.*

THE PRESIDENCY AND MR. GREELEY.

LAST January, when Mr. GREELEY was elected chairman of the General Committee, now known as that of which certain Tammany Republicans are members, he made a speech in which he said: "While asserting the right of every Republican to his untrammeled choice of a candidate for next President until a nomination is made, I venture to suggest that General GRANT will be far better qualified for that momentous trust in 1872 than he was in 1868." The *Tribune* now says: "Mr. GREELEY does not himself favor the renomination of General GRANT, and is prepared to give his reasons at the proper time. For the present, he considers the discussion premature." It is to be regretted that the editor of one of the chief Republican journals in the country is unwilling yet to enter upon the discussion, because there is a very considerable body—in our opinion the immense majority of the party—which expects and desires the renomination of the President; and if there are sufficient reasons for reconsidering their intentions, the sooner and the more plainly those reasons are stated the better.

Mr. GREELEY is an experienced politician; and although his foresight and judgment have not been always eminent, his opinion will always receive attention. It would, therefore, be interesting to know why he is indisposed to support a candidate in 1872 who, as he concedes, is better qualified for the position than when he did support him. All Republicans also would be glad to hear whether it is upon personal or administrative grounds that Mr. GREELEY opposes the renomination. In the speech from which we have quoted he commends the Administration "for its judicious, energetic, and successful efforts to procure the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment." He has certainly praised—if we may speak of the *Tribune* in this sense as himself—the settlement of the English difficulty, the most threatening of foreign questions. He points with just pride to the steady reduction of the debt and the diminution of taxation under this Administration, although he censures the "hoarding" of gold by the Secretary of the Treasury. He was opposed, as we and so many other Republicans were, to the San Domingo annexation; but he approved, with the rest of us, the excellent commission, and the frank final message of the President upon the subject. The Indian policy of the Administration also Mr. GREELEY—or the *Tribune*—in common with all humane men, has warmly commended. He has been likewise a conspicuous supporter of the Ku-Klux legislation, of which some of us were very doubtful, but which has certainly neither been evaded nor offensively enforced by the President. He thinks that there have been some mistakes in appointments—as, indeed, there inevitably must be under any Administration—but one of the most unpleasant—that of General SICKLES to Spain—was very agreeable to Mr. GREELEY.

It would seem, therefore, that all the great measures and the general policy of the Administration had been approved by Mr. GREELEY, while in his judgment its chief will be far better qualified for his position in 1872 than in 1868. Yet he is opposed to his renomination. Mr. GREELEY, indeed, has stated, in reply to the Kansas solicitation that he should himself be a candidate, his preference of a single term. But it can hardly be upon that ground alone that he opposes the renomination of the President. Personal delinquencies the *Tribune* has never imputed to the President, and it very justly and promptly repelled the suggestion that he had authorized any improper use of troops at the late Louisiana Convention. Can it be, then, that it is because of the distribution of patronage that Mr. GREELEY is opposed to the renomination? He said recently that he accepted the chairmanship of the committee with the hope of harmonizing the party in this city, but that he nearly despaired when Mr. GRINNELL and General PALMER were removed from the collectorship and appraiser's office. But that Mr. GREELEY believes the natural displeasure of those who have been displaced by the Administration will be accepted as a reason for refusing to renominate its head is hardly possible.

It seems to us unfortunate that a statement of reasons for opposing the action which the Republican party evidently contemplates should be delayed upon a theory that the time has not arrived to make it. When will that time have arrived if not when the question is generally discussed both by friends and foes, as it now is, and when preparations are making, as they now are? The party surely does not wish to act unwisely. Those who favor the renomination of the President do so because they believe it to be the wisest course for the party, and consequently for the country. If they are mistaken, it is for every reason desirable that they should know it. The longer the effort to show them their mistake is delayed the more difficult it will be for them to adapt themselves to the new situation, if they perceive that they ought to relinquish their present views; and consequently the more difficult the canvass will become. It is desirable that, if possible, the nomination should be settled by the general conviction of the party before the Convention meets, as it was in 1864 and 1868. If the President is not the man, who is? Those who honestly think that he is not ought certainly to indicate the Republican who commands more general confidence, and who would probably poll a larger vote. If there be such a man, the mention of his name would instantly strengthen the position of Mr. GREELEY and of those who agree with him, because it would show that those who oppose the renomination of the President are united upon a candidate.

THE SPEECH OF SENATOR SCHURZ.

MR. SCHURZ is a Senator of such ability and character, and his influence is so great among the Germans, who in this country are naturally Republicans, that his opinions upon public questions command attention, not only from their intrinsic value, but from their probable effect. Mr. SCHURZ is perhaps the most philosophic of our statesmen. Those who recall his speeches both at the West and in the East during the closing political campaign against slavery in 1860 will remember the breadth and insight which marked them. And he was one of those who did not disguise his conviction, even before that final struggle in debate, that the question would soon and inevitably be settled in another field. Into that field, also, he went when the settlement came, returning from Spain, whither President LINCOLN had sent him as minister. Removing from Wisconsin to Missouri, where there is a large German element in the population, he was connected with the press until sent by the Republicans to the Senate.

His position there has been eminent from his entrance. His mastery of a language not native to him is such that his style is even elegant; while, like Mr. SUMNER, he has a certain conscience in his intellect which gives moral force to his intellectual conclusions. In the Senate he has discussed national questions upon truly political and not merely party principles. A Republican, so to say, by nature, because by nature a lover of justice and progress, he has not hesitated to defend Republican principles against what have sometimes seemed to him Republican errors of method. He has advocated amnesty and a thorough reform of the civil service, introducing an elaborate bill for that purpose; and he vigorously opposed the San Domingo treaty and the removal of Senator SUMNER from the chairmanship of the Foreign Committee. In all his speeches there is the same reliance upon principle, without which there is no real statesmanship, and of which there is a curious impatience in the English and American mind.

The recent address of Mr. SCHURZ to his countrymen in Chicago was anticipated with interest, because it was supposed that he would express himself with frank hostility to the President. But it was a calm and temperate discussion of the political situation, the moral of which was that, while his own party had made mistakes, it yet favors a liberal, generous, and constitutional policy; while the angry condition which occasioned what seems to him mistaken legislation was produced by the malignant course of the Democratic party. In his judgment the interest of the country requires the sincerest acquiescence in the settlement secured by the last three amendments to the Constitution. The prejudice against them must be overcome by patriotically upholding the results of the war and by a general amnesty. The disturbance in the Southern States he thinks due to the Ku-Klux on the one hand and to the carpet-bag element, in its worst sense, upon the other; and the remedy lies in the co-operation of good men of both parties. If the Republican party has not accomplished all that might have been hoped, it is, he thinks, because the lawless element in the Southern States and the blind Democratic reactionists have made the conduct of Republican demagogues and schemers comparatively less alarming.

In regard to the annexation of San Domingo he said that it would be a policy ending in the absorption of the American tropics to the Gulf, with a population wholly alien. Mr. SCHURZ added that he and Mr. SUMNER had been asked to compose their personal differences with the President in the interest of the party. But he had no personal differences with the President; nor could he conceive that his personal relations with any body ought to affect his action upon public affairs. Were the President his most intimate friend, he could not defend what seemed to him an unconstitutional policy. This is a position which every honest man will approve. It is the only independent and honorable attitude.

We have not as yet seen the speech of Mr. SCHURZ in full; but the daily papers have published a long and evidently accurate sketch of it. In this we find no indication of a purpose which has been attributed to him of opposing the election of the Republican candidate for President if the nomination were not approved by him. We have already stated that we do not believe that Mr. SCHURZ or Mr. SUMNER would do any thing to commit the government of the country to the party of the Ku-Klux and of hostility to the amendments, and we shall not easily be made to believe otherwise.

BISMARCK AND THE PAPACY.

THE tendencies of a political church, of which we are made aware in this country by the alliance of the Democratic party with the Roman Catholic ecclesiasticism, and by the consequent surrender to a mob of the equal rights of American citizens, are not less apparent in Europe. The declaration of papal infallibility was very justly regarded by the great European States as hostile to their welfare, and the general conviction and action of those States show that they are not deluded by any sophistry of the limitation of infallibility to spiritual concerns. If the ambition of the Church of Rome is wholly spiritual, why does it insist so tenaciously upon a temporal political power which the people whom it would subjugate refuse to confer upon it? The logic of its claim is fully comprehended by the shrewdest European statesmen, and its assumptions are repelled. The papacy invited France to restore the political despotism of the Church in Italy. France politely bowed, shrugged, and declined. Austria, with a Protestant Prime Minister, breaks the Concordat with Rome. Spain sells the ecclesiastical property at auction. And now the great power of Central Europe, Germany, between whose Emperor, then King of Prussia, and the Pope such soft notes passed a year ago, has declared by the mouth of BISMARCK that it regards the Church of Rome as hostile to the state, and has abolished the Roman Catholic department of the Ministry of Public Worship.

Nor let any body suppose that this is hostility to the Church as a religious organization. It is not a blow at a bishop; it is a thrust at a sovereign who dares to interfere in the politics of Germany: and if the bishop confounds himself with the political sovereign, it is his own fault if he suffers. If the Church of Rome were content to be a Church only, Germany would be as friendly as it might desire. But when it attempts to assert itself politically in the empire of Germany, as it does in the republic of the United States, it properly feels the heavy rebuke of an indignant and independent nation. The papacy hoped that Germany would do what France would not—restore its political power. In return it would have sanctioned the new empire, which would have been of great service in the Roman Catholic provinces. But when Germany declined, the political Church of Rome organized an attempt to weaken or break the bonds of the empire, and threatened that it would support democracy against all political legitimacy and despotism but its own. This was a faint echo of the old Gregorian thunder. It was a hint of virtually absolving subjects from all their allegiance except that to the Church itself. But even in the Gregorian day BISMARCK would have been a formidable antagonist; and to-day he springs to the grapple with the political papacy with the consciousness that civilization and human intelligence are his allies.

We said that his action is not a blow at a bishop. But if a bishop hides under a royal robe the thrust at the king may wound a prelate. BISMARCK supports with all his energy the protest of Dr. DÖLLINGER, and smiles upon the foundation of "the Church German" as a schism in that of Rome. The London *Spectator* is of opinion that he sees that the only radical method of attacking the Church is to wound her spiritually. Her opportunity for political mischief is gained through her spiritual power. To limit the first, therefore, the last must be touched. And BISMARCK would reach the last through the schism made possible by the protest of DÖLLINGER within the Church. This is not a method open to us in this country, because with us, fortunately, the state is wholly independent of the church. We can deal with the political pretensions and ambitions of any church only by political means. Thus when we know that the political object of the Roman Catholic Church in this country is the overthrow of the common-school system, and see that the Democratic party seeks the votes of the members of that Church by pandering to its political purposes, the obvious way of baffling the political design of the Church is to defeat that party. If, as the *Spectator* supposes, the tendency of the time is to force the Church of Rome to seek political success by deserting the throne and identifying itself with the people, its political fate is sure; for the people every where are constantly more intelligent, and an intelligent people in this age spurns a political church.

THE LESSON OF NORTH CAROLINA.

THE late attempt of the Democratic party in North Carolina to begin the reversal of reconstruction, and to invite collision with the national government, has signally failed. The effort was made under the form of calling a convention for the revision of the State Constitution, and in plain defiance of that Constitution. Had the plan succeeded the result would have been two State governments, between which the national authority must have decided. The good sense of the State sustained the Republican opposition to this disorganizing movement, and peace will for the present continue. It will not be forgotten, however, that every man who voted for this scheme will also probably sustain the Democratic candidates in 1872, whether upon a new departure platform or any other. And the fact illustrates the exact value of the professed Democratic acquiescence in the settlement of the amendments. The object of the party, as one of its Southern organs frankly says, is to get into power; and if fine professions will help, it will not hesitate to profess finely.

As Senator SCHURZ well says in his speech at Chicago, the general conviction has been carefully cultivated that all the established guarantees of security would be swept away if the Democratic party succeeded. That prospect having failed to bring the party into power, it will now try to remove the impression. But the object in both cases is the same. If the amendments are apparently accepted, it will be because the party can not help itself. But the moment that, in possession of power, there should be a probable chance of reversal, it would do precisely what it has recently attempted in North Carolina. It is the old spirit of the Democratic party constantly illustrated. When the war ended, that party, by black codes and vagrant laws, tried to save all that was possible of slavery. Under ANDREW JOHNSON it cheered his hostility to the Civil Rights bill, to the protection of the freedmen, and to the radical policy of restoration. At the Democratic Convention of 1868, in Tammany Hall, it hoped to carry repudiation of the war debt, and to control the national administration as of old. Under GRANT it changes front, and declares that it relinquishes its policy, renounces its faith, and eats its words.

Let those believe who will. Let those who are alarmed by being told that in opposing the Democratic plans they are slaying the slain, suppose that the government can safely pass out of Republican hands. But those who have studied political history will not be cozened by fine professions nor blandly confide in decoy-ducks. There will constantly be some such event as the attempt now happily defeated in North Carolina, which will reveal the real tendency of the Democratic party. Ignorance, hatred, unbroken traditions of injustice, organized into a party, are not suddenly reformed by a resolution. The necessary tendency of the Democratic party will sweep off the hopes and wishes of its better theoretical adherents as a spring freshet carries off chips and dead leaves.

Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS hopes that the Republican party will be broken up. That

seems to us to be merely a wish that the government may be surrendered to the eager enemies of every cause and every principle that Mr. PHILLIPS loves and serves. It is a wish that the party which made the black codes, which yielded to the mob in New York, which incites the Ku-Klux, which is responsible through its chosen chiefs for the astounding New York frauds, which has just tried to initiate the reversal of reconstruction in North Carolina, may control the government of the United States. Either the Republican party must be successful, or that will be the issue of the election of 1872.

MR. SUMNER AND THE TREATY OF WASHINGTON.

WE have heretofore shown how much of the demand made by Mr. SUMNER in his speech upon the REVERDY JOHNSON treaty was actually obtained by the Treaty of Washington. It is very probable that he hoped even more would have been secured. But it is not correct to say, as the Washington *National Republican* does, that Mr. SUMNER "spoke day after day in opposition to it." There was one clause in the treaty which was incautiously left exposed to misunderstanding, and it is the very one upon which there has been considerable discussion—a point of interpretation. It was very desirable that this should be corrected; but undoubtedly one amendment in the Senate would have led to others, until the whole work might have been imperiled. And there is no doubt that, had he chosen, Mr. SUMNER might seriously have perplexed and delayed the ratification of the treaty by a general opposition. But he saw, with the whole country, that a prompt ratification was most desirable, even if he were not wholly satisfied, and he voted for it with all his party friends.

It was, however, also desirable that it should not hereafter appear that the doubtful clause was entirely overlooked in the Senate; and therefore Mr. SUMNER offered an amendment to correct it. But he did not press it; and in offering it he caused the journal to show, to the honor of the sagacity of the Senate, that the objection was not neglected, but that for sufficient reasons the text of the treaty, as drafted by the Commissioners, was allowed to stand. Certainly our party friends who think that Mr. SUMNER is unreasonably hostile to the administration ought not to cite his conduct in regard to the ratification of the treaty in illustration of it.

THE TRUTH TOLD IN GEORGIA.

IT was always claimed that one of the good results of emancipation would be the relief of intelligent and honorable men in the Southern States from that relentless tyranny of opinion which made it personally dangerous in a Slave State to express the instincts of reason and humanity. A very striking illustration both of the tyranny and of the independence is found in a late address of the Hon. B. H. HILL, of Georgia, and some of the criticisms upon it. With a distinctness and vigor which are doubly refreshing when we remember that he spoke in Georgia, Mr. HILL said in his address: "The primal cause of our failure as a people is the fact that our system of labor was slavery. From this, as from a disturbed den of vipers, have crawled out the innumerable and poisonous evils that have lamed our energies and polluted our blood." Who believed, twenty years ago, that the time would ever come in this century when a conspicuous public man in Georgia would tell such plain truths to his neighbors and friends, and be sure of some, if not of general, hearty sympathy and approval? And yet what Mr. HILL said was only what OGLETHORPE and the first trustees of the Georgia Company believed when they forbade slavery in the colony at its settlement.

That Mr. HILL would be severely criticised was certain. One of the most poisonous evils of the system he denounced was the moral and intellectual perversion which it produced, and which does not readily disappear. One paper gravely disputes his assertion, and declares that "slavery was never allowed to perfect its mission and develop its full effects upon the civilization of the South." But would the editor of this paper assert with equal gravity that the effect of slavery while it existed was elevating, refining, humanizing, and progressive both for the subject and master classes? If he would not, another would, for a correspondent of Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS's *Sun* has the hardihood to say that under slavery "we"—that is, the Southern whites—"had reached a higher degree of cultivation, refinement, moral elevation, and intellectual power in the aggregate than any nation on earth." We do not believe that there are a hundred intelligent men in the Southern States, outside of the lunatic asylums, who think so. They may have thought that they must make the best of it, that there was no way to shake it off, and that they would fight to the death any body who should interfere; but that common-sense, intelligence, humanity, and experience were powerless with them we do not believe.

But Mr. HILL fitly deals with this kind of maundering. After a caustic description of the absolute dependence of the late Slave States upon the Free, he concludes:

> "Our politicians strut like condescending Jupiters to the hustings with Northern hats on their heads, Northern shoes on their feet, and Northern coats on their backs, and prove to gaping crowds their unequaled fitness for office in straining their lungs, as the thunder-gust doth the yielding clouds, with noisy denunciations of Northern weakness and greed, and climactic eulogies on Southern power and independence!"

Then in a serious and sincere strain he says what the heart and mind of every thoughtful man and woman in the Southern States must heed and ponder:

> "If my humble voice could be heard by the Southern people, I would urge them to do many things which these very derided Northern people have done. Endow first-class universities, provide for polytechnic schools in those universities, honor labor, and make the callings of the miner, the manufacturer, the metallurgist, the machinist, the agriculturist, and the mechanic as learned and as honorable as are the learned professions of law, medicine, and theology. We can not live by bread alone. We can not grow great, or rich, or independent by planting alone. Let us find in our own children that skilled labor which was impossible in the ignorant negro slave, and with that skilled labor let us utilize the unsurpassed natural physical elements of power with which God has filled almost every portion of our heretofore neglected country. If we do these things promptly, vigorously, and liberally, it will soon be that the sun in his cycles will not let fall his rays on a greater or more prosperous people. If we do not these things, we shall grow weaker until we be despised as contemptible."

If, instead of listening to the flattery of Northern Democratic demagogues, and to the rhetoric of their own local leaders who have so fearfully betrayed them, American citizens in the Southern States would hear and meditate the truths, disagreeable though they be, which their own life-long neighbors, like Mr. HILL, speak to them, all the old roots of bitterness would gradually disappear.

THE HOUSATONIC BRIDGE UPON THE N. Y. AND N. H. RAILROAD.

THE terrible catastrophe of the Staten Island ferry, the explosion of the steamer upon Chautauqua Lake, and the fall of the railroad bridge near Bangor, all within a short time, show the almost universal carelessness of management upon the most trusted routes of travel. The bridge at Bangor was so rotten that the timber was already hauling to repair it. How many other railroad bridges are at this moment in the same condition? "Clericus" writes from Milford, near New Haven, on the 12th of August to the New York *Times*, that the old bridge over the Housatonic between Stratford and Milford, upon the New York, New Haven, and Boston Railroad, is considered by many to be in an unsafe condition. He states that he is informed that *this bridge was condemned a year or more ago by the State inspectors.* A new bridge is building, but it is impossible to say when it will be finished, and "Clericus" says that he has talked with many passengers upon the road, who feel a serious anxiety upon the subject.

We submit to the superintendent of the New York and New Haven Railroad that, in view of so distinct a charge in a respectable paper, he would relieve a very natural anxiety if he would publicly state that the Housatonic bridge has not been condemned by the inspectors, and that in the judgment of competent engineers it is perfectly safe for the heavy and continuous travel that passes over it. Of late years the New Haven road has been remarkably free from accidents, when its enormous traffic is considered. Along its line there is a throng of residents who pass daily to and from the city. An excess of caution, therefore, is not unwise. It is true that any body can write any thing to the newspapers; but it is also true that certain things are not published by honorable journals without inquiry. If the Housatonic bridge is now and always has been perfectly safe, and if the suspicion is only a nervous whim, it is, nevertheless, under the circumstances, and in the present condition of the public mind, very desirable to hear upon the subject from the superintendent of the New York and New Haven road.

PERSONAL.

DR. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE has just given to the public his best work—a life of Sir WALTER SCOTT. Dr. MACKENZIE has devoted himself to literature since he was eighteen years of age. In 1834 he commenced to write letters from London to the New York *Evening Star*, and was the first regular salaried correspondent of the American press. He was made LL.D. of Glasgow University when only twenty-five, and D.C.L. of Oxford at twenty-seven. In 1828 he published "Lays of Palestine," wrote a considerable portion of "The Georgian Era," a "Life of Guizot," etc., etc. In 1852 he came to this country, and besides his connection with the press has written and edited some twelve or fifteen books, chief of which may be reckoned his edition of "Noctes Ambrosianæ," which contains a fund of anecdote of distinguished literary people with whom Dr. M. has been on terms of intimacy. No man connected with the American press has a more remarkable memory for dates, events, and persons, and none knows how to put them on paper more felicitously than he.

—Col. JOHN HAY is the possessor of an interesting relic—to wit, a lock of hair from the head of General WASHINGTON. It was presented to him by Colonel JAMES A. HAMILTON, now eighty-four years of age, son of ALEXANDER HAMILTON. Colonel HAMILTON received the relic from his mother. The paper originally containing it bears the indorsement, "General WASHINGTON's hair: given to JAMES A. HAMILTON by his mother." A thread is tied tightly around the centre of the lock of hair, which is about three inches long, and perfectly straight. About two-thirds of it is snowy white, while the rest is of a light brown or auburn hue.

—Judge INGRAHAM, of the Supreme Court of this city, while at Saratoga recently, edified a group of New Yorkers with his reminiscences of Gotham. He bought hay and oats on the present site of Union Square when it was a hay-market, and has seen cows driven over to pasture where Judge ROOSEVELT's house now stands, when Broadway was a cow-track and Judge ROOSEVELT a yellow-haired stripling. Judge INGRAHAM is said to be the oldest judge on the bench except Mr. Justice NELSON.

—Mr. ODGER, the radical M.P. who led the malcontents at the great meeting in Hyde Park to protest against any allowance to Prince ARTHUR, is a well-dressed, neat, bald, decent, commonplace-looking man, and is for the moment quite a lion in having successfully defied the police and the government. He is a neat kind of speaker, of the quiet parish-vestry sort, who never animates one even by a blunder, never attempts to declaim, never says a stinging thing, never makes a joke. Yet he has held his great meeting in Hyde Park under the very nose of the government, and against its orders and threatenings.

—NEWTON BOOTH, the Republican candidate for Governor of North Carolina, is a lawyer, forty-five years of age, a native of Indiana, but for twenty-one years a resident of North Carolina. He has been actively in politics since the beginning of the war, and is esteemed for character and ability. The candidate for Lieutenant-Governor is ROMUALDO PACHECO, a native of California, about forty years old. Mr. PACHECO received his early education in an English school in the Sandwich Islands. He entered political life at twenty-two, and has filled the offices of Senator and State Treasurer.

—It is said that Prince METTERNICH, the Austrian embassador at Paris, is about to resign. The economy of republicanism as contrasted with the luxury of imperialism is not to his taste. Austria, besides, has cut down his pay. It may be that, having seen so much of court life, he now desires the quiet which he can find in his extensive domains in Hungary, or in his beautiful castle at Johannisberg, on the Rhine. Some years ago *the* METTERNICH, father of the present prince, having a passion for collecting autographs, wrote to JULES JANIN for his. The witty author responded thus: "Received of his Highness Prince METTERNICH one dozen bottles Johannisberger, *prime.* JULES JANIN." That was the autograph sent. The wine was sent.

—The story that has been published in some of the papers in reference to Miss ALICE CARY and RUFUS WILMOT GRISWOLD is quite too absurd to need contradiction. During the brief period of their acquaintance Mr. GRISWOLD was a married man, and his relations with the Misses CARY were simply those of literary friends. He esteemed them as ladies and poetesses, and often wrote of them in terms of praise. When he was in his last illness they visited and were kind to him. That is all. Mr. GRISWOLD was one of the last men either of those heavenly minded sisters would have selected for a husband. A gentleman who knew him thoroughly says that although nominally a Baptist clergyman, he belonged to a style not frequently met in our day. He was simply a literary man. He has been known, it is said, more than once to spend his Saturday night in a very "free and easy" way, and then go to church and preach an eloquent sermon.

—Mr. J. COOKE, who is at the head of the "Syndicate" of American and foreign bankers for the sale of the new United States loan, is now in the very prime of his faculties, being forty-four years of age and in perfect health. He was not widely known in the financial world until Mr. CHASE appointed him fiscal agent of the Treasury, in which capacity he sold about $1,500,000,000 bonds, which at one-half per cent.—the commission allowed—would have given him $7,500,000. Out of this, however, were deducted commissions to subagents, advertising, etc. It is probable that about $5,000,000 would be nearly the net profit to himself. Out of the first profits he built a small Episcopal church for himself and neighbors at Chelten Hill, seven miles north of Philadelphia. His mansion there is one of the most substantial manor-houses in the United States. It is of stone, in French style, 150 feet square by 100 feet high. Mr. COOKE makes noble use of his fortune, being one of the most charitable men in the United States.

—The long editorial essays which Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS writes to his paper, the Atlanta *Sun*, from his study at Liberty Hall, have not "built up" that journal as rapidly as was expected. On the contrary, rumor says that the *Sun's* rays have "a sickly glare." It may be that with the thermometer above 90° Fahr. few men are capable of digesting six columns at once, even though the ingredients be States' Rights, Jeffersonian Democracy, and the intentions of the founders of the Constitution, derived from "Elliott's Debates." When the heated term passes, men may be willing to stand it; but at present to be obliged to read six columns of bourgeoise, and pay $6 per annum for the privilege, is more than even the Sage of Crawfordsville has any right to expect.

—Among other interesting personal incidents of recent occurrence in France was the visit of the Pope's nuncio to M. THIERS. Monsignore CHIGI spoke of the intention of the Pope to quit Rome and establish himself in Malta or Spain. This M. THIERS opposed, saying, "There is a French proverb which declares that he who quits his place loses it. The Pope in quitting Rome compromises the future of the Holy See. His presence at Rome is at least an eloquent protestation against what passes there. I have no counsel to give his Holiness; but, were I in his place, I would not budge—I would wait."

—WALT WHITMAN, who occupies a desk in the Attorney-General's office at Washington, has received a friendly note from TENNYSON, with an invitation to visit Aldworth.

—Of Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, our new arbitrator with England, the following amusing "personal" is told: Before going to the polls to vote on the day of the last Presidential election, he fixed a ticket which he intended to vote. Before reaching the voting place he in some way became possessor of one of the village grocer's printed advertisements. He folded it up neatly, as was his habit with such documents, to take home and examine, and proceeded on his way to "execute a freeman's will," which, after arriving at the ballot-box, he fully supposed that he had accomplished. No person saw what he voted, but soon after leaving the voting room, to his chagrin he discovered that he had cast the grocer's advertisement into the box, and held the evidence of American citizenship—his ballot—in his hand. A question naturally arose in his mind how he could mend the matter, or, in other words, he asked himself, "What are my legal rights and what is my duty?" He decided quickly to return to the polling place and state the facts to the officers in charge of the ballot-box, and did so. They examined the box and found the grocer's advertisement folded exactly as Mr. ADAMS explained it. They decided that, upon Mr. ADAMS's statement, it should be removed from the box and handed to Mr. ADAMS, and that he should be permitted to cast his vote. Mr. ADAMS, with the graceful dignity so characteristic of him, thanked the officials who had decided in his favor, and in order this time to avoid another mistake, he voted an open ticket, which developed a startling fact to the officials around the ballot-box, and soon became the subject of gossip in the town, and of course a matter of deepest concern to the Republicans. Mr. ADAMS voted the entire Democratic ticket (for Congressional, State, county, and town officers) at that election, with the single exception of the GRANT electoral ticket!

—The rumor that General JOHN B. GORDON is the "new departure" Democratic candidate for Governor of Georgia originated with the Atlanta *True Georgian.* It is understood, however, that General GORDON has no sympathy with the Democratic "new departure," and would not accept the nomination if offered him by any party. There are a number of Democratic gentlemen who are "spoken of" for the office when Governor BULLOCK's term expires. The most prominent of these are Hon. THOMAS HARDEMAN, Jun., of Macon, ex-member of Congress (1858-60); General A. R. WRIGHT, ex-president of the Georgia Senate, and now editor of the Augusta *Chronicle and Sentinel;* General A. R. LAWTON, of Savannah, ex-quartermaster-general of the Confederate army, and a prominent lawyer; and General ALFRED H. COLQUITT, ex-member of Congress (*temp.* PIERCE), and now president of the Georgia State Agricultural Society. The probability is that the last-named candidate will be the favorite with the Democrats of Georgia. He is a large planter, and generally esteemed, a prominent and zealous member of the Methodist Church, and widely known for his charity and benevolence. He is a son of the late Hon. WALTER T. COLQUITT, distinguished as a lawyer and politician.

—The editorial writers of the London *Saturday Review* have no reason for fault-finding with the proprietors, so far as hospitality is concerned. It is the agreeable custom of the owners of that journal to give an annual dinner to the writers; and at the one given three or four weeks ago nearly *fifty* gentlemen were present. The editor, Mr. HARWOOD, was in the chair, Mr. BERESFORD HOPE being on one side and Mr. VENABLES on the other. Among the company were Sir R. MAINE, Mr. SAUNDERS, Mr. LESLIE STEPHEN, Mr. E. PIGOTT, Mr. C. H. FYFFE, Mr. OXENFORD, and others eminent as writers. There were no speeches. Many of the diners looked like country clergymen fresh from their rectories, and it was curious to imagine which part of the *Review* was in their charge.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

LATE advices from China show that in the second battle between the American squadron and the Coreans the latter had 6000 men, armed with gingals; but their bullets fell short, and in spite of their thick armor they suffered terribly from the American rifles. On the 11th of June the Americans destroyed the forts. The local authorities steadily refused to say what should be done with the prisoners. The Coreans are acknowledged to have fought bravely. Minister Low and Admiral Rodgers await further instructions from Washington before proceeding with hostilities.

A fire-damp explosion occurred August 14 in the Eagle shaft, near Pittston, Pennsylvania, by which seventeen miners lost their lives. An examination of the shaft shows that it was in an unfit condition to be worked.

The Republican majority in North Carolina against a Constitutional Convention is about 9000.

The Swiss government has appointed M. Jacques Staempfli, formerly president of the republic, as an arbitrator in the Geneva Commission under the Treaty of Washington. Victor Emanuel has appointed General Menabrea.

Great excitement was caused recently at Ogdensburg by the attempt of the Irish Roman Catholics to prevent an ex-priest named Decanim from delivering a lecture on Romanism. The Protestant citizens made a counter demonstration, and asserted the principle of free speech by protecting the lecturer.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT uneasiness prevails in Europe in regard to the attitude of Prussia and Russia. The latter is said to be making great military preparations, while Prussia is filling up her regiments and collecting vast supplies of military stores.

It is rumored that the "Right" in the French Assembly offered the presidency of France to the Duc d'Aumale, and that he declined the position.

The German troops are slowly withdrawing from the forts about Paris.

The new army bill before the French Assembly makes military service compulsory upon all, and permits no substitutes.

The Spanish government has consented to the extradition of all Communist refugees.

The ex-Emperor Napoleon gave a fête at Chiselhurst on the 15th of August, at which telegrams were received from the emperors of Russia and Austria, the kings of Sweden, Portugal, and Holland, the Prince of Wales, and others.

THE BED OF ROSES.

"-WE DRINK TO OUR CONSTITUENTS. MAY THEY LIVE LONG, SO THAT WE MAY PROSPER."

"THE RICH GROWING RICHER, THE POOR GROWING POORER."

"-YES. THE RENT IS "PERHAPS EXORBITANT" BUT YOUR HUSBAND ALWAYS VOTES FOR THE VERY MEN WHO MAKE EVERY THING "PERHAPS EXORBITANT."

BED OF THORNS.

BRINGING THE THING HOME.

THE TAMMANY LORDS AND THEIR CONSTITUENTS.—[SEE PAGE 818.]

WILKIE COLLINS.

WE commence this week the publication of a new story by WILKIE COLLINS, author of "No Name," "The Woman in White," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.; and as many of our readers will be glad to know what manner of looking man he is who writes such fascinating stories, we herewith present them with his portrait.

Mr. COLLINS is now in the very prime of life, having been born in London in 1824. His father was a painter, who went to Italy soon after the birth of his son, and remained there until the author had reached manhood. Having chosen authorship as a profession, COLLINS began to write at a very early age. His first published work, "Antonina," was given to the public in 1850. It revealed the possession of remarkable genius; but the subject was ill chosen, and the book did not meet with great success. His later novels, especially "The Woman in White" and "Man and Wife," which were first published in America in the columns of *Harper's Weekly*, placed him in the front rank of contemporaneous novelists; and the death of CHARLES DICKENS, whom he resembles in versatility of talent and inexhaustible inventive powers, has left him without a rival in the field of romantic fiction.

The story from his pen which is commenced in this number is printed from the author's advance sheets. It will, we think, be found to be one of the most fascinating stories he has yet given to the public.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

PART THE FIRST.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

MADAME PRATOLUNGO PRESENTS HERSELF.

YOU are here invited to read the story of an Event which occurred some years since in an out-of-the-way corner of England.

The persons principally concerned in the Event are—a blind girl, two (twin) brothers, a skilled surgeon, and a curious foreign woman. I am the curious foreign woman. And I take it on myself—for reasons which will presently appear—to tell the story.

So far we understand each other. Good. I may make myself known to you as briefly as I can.

I am Madame Pratolungo—widow of that celebrated South American patriot, Doctor Pratolungo. I am French by birth. Before I married the Doctor I went through many vicissitudes in my own country. They ended in leaving me (at an age which is of no consequence to any body) with some experience of the world, with a cultivated musical talent on the piano-forte, and with a comfortable little fortune unexpectedly bequeathed to me by a relative of my dear dead mother (which fortune I shared with good Papa and with my younger sisters). To these qualifications I added another, the most precious of all, when I married the Doctor—namely, a strong infusion of ultra-liberal principles. *Vive la République!*

Some people do one thing, and some do another, in the way of celebrating the event of their marriage. Having become man and wife, Doctor Pratolungo and I took ship to Central America, and devoted our honey-moon, in those disturbed districts, to the sacred duty of destroying tyrants.

Ah! the vital air of my noble husband was the air of revolutions. From his youth upward he had followed the glorious profession of Patriot. Wherever the people of the Southern New World rose and declared their independence—and, in my time, that fervent population did nothing else—there was the Doctor self-devoted on the altar of his adopted country. He had been fifteen times exiled, and condemned to death in his absence, when I met with him in Paris—the picture of heroic poverty, with a brown complexion and one lame leg. Who could avoid falling in love with such a man? I was proud when he proposed to devote me on the altar of his adopted country, as well as himself—me and my money. For, alas! every thing is expensive in this world, including the destruction of tyrants and the saving of Freedom. All my money went in helping the sacred cause of the people. Dictators and filibusters flourished in spite of us. Before we had been a year married the Doctor had to fly (for the sixteenth time) to escape being tried for his life. My husband condemned to death in his absence; and I with my pockets empty. This is how the Republic rewarded us. And yet I love the Republic. Ah, you monarchy people, sitting fat and contented under tyrants, respect that!

This time we took refuge in England. The affairs of Central America went on without us.

I thought of giving lessons in music. But my glorious husband could not spare me away from him. I suppose we should have starved, and made a sad little paragraph in the English newspapers, if the end had not come in another way. My poor Pratolungo was in truth worn out. He sank under his sixteenth exile. I was left a widow—with nothing but the inheritance of my husband's noble sentiments to console me.

I went back for a while to good Papa and my sisters in Paris. But it was not in my nature to remain and be a burden on them at home. I returned again to London, with recommendations, and encountered inconceivable disasters in the effort to earn a living honorably. Of all the wealth about me—the prodigal, insolent, ostentatious wealth—none fell to my share. What right has any body to be rich? I defy you, whoever you may be, to prove that any body has a right to be rich.

Without dwelling on my disasters, let it be enough to say that I got up one morning with three pounds, seven shillings, and fourpence in my purse, with my excellent temper, and my republican principles, and with absolutely nothing in prospect—that is to say, with not a halfpenny more to come to me, unless I could earn it for myself.

In this sad case what does an honest woman, who is bent on winning her own independence by her own work, do? She takes three and sixpence out of her little humble store, and she advertises herself in a newspaper.

One always advertises the best side of one's self. (Ah, poor humanity!) My best side was my musical side. In the days of my vicissitudes (before my marriage) I had at one time had a share in a millinery establishment in Lyons. At another time I had been bed-chamber woman to a great lady in Paris. But in my present situation these sides of myself were, for various reasons, not so presentable as the piano-forte side. I was not a great player—far from it; but I had been soundly instructed, and I had what you call a competent skill on the instrument. Brief, I made the best of myself, I promise you, in my advertisement.

The next day I borrowed the newspaper to enjoy the pride of seeing my composition in print. Ah, Heaven! what did I discover? I discovered what other wretched advertising people have found out before me. Above my own advertisement the very thing I wanted was advertised for by somebody else. Look in any newspaper and you will see strangers who (if I may so express myself) exactly fit each other advertising for each other without knowing it. I had advertised myself as "accomplished musical companion for a lady. With cheerful temper to match." And there, above me, was my unknown necessitous fellow-creature crying out in printers' types: "Wanted, a companion for a lady. Must be an accomplished musician, and have a cheerful temper. Testimonials to capacity and first-rate references required." Exactly what I had offered. "Apply by letter only in the first instance." Exactly what I had said. Fie upon me! I had spent three and sixpence for nothing. I threw down the newspaper in a transport of anger (like a fool), and then took it up again (like a sensible woman), and applied by letter for the offered place.

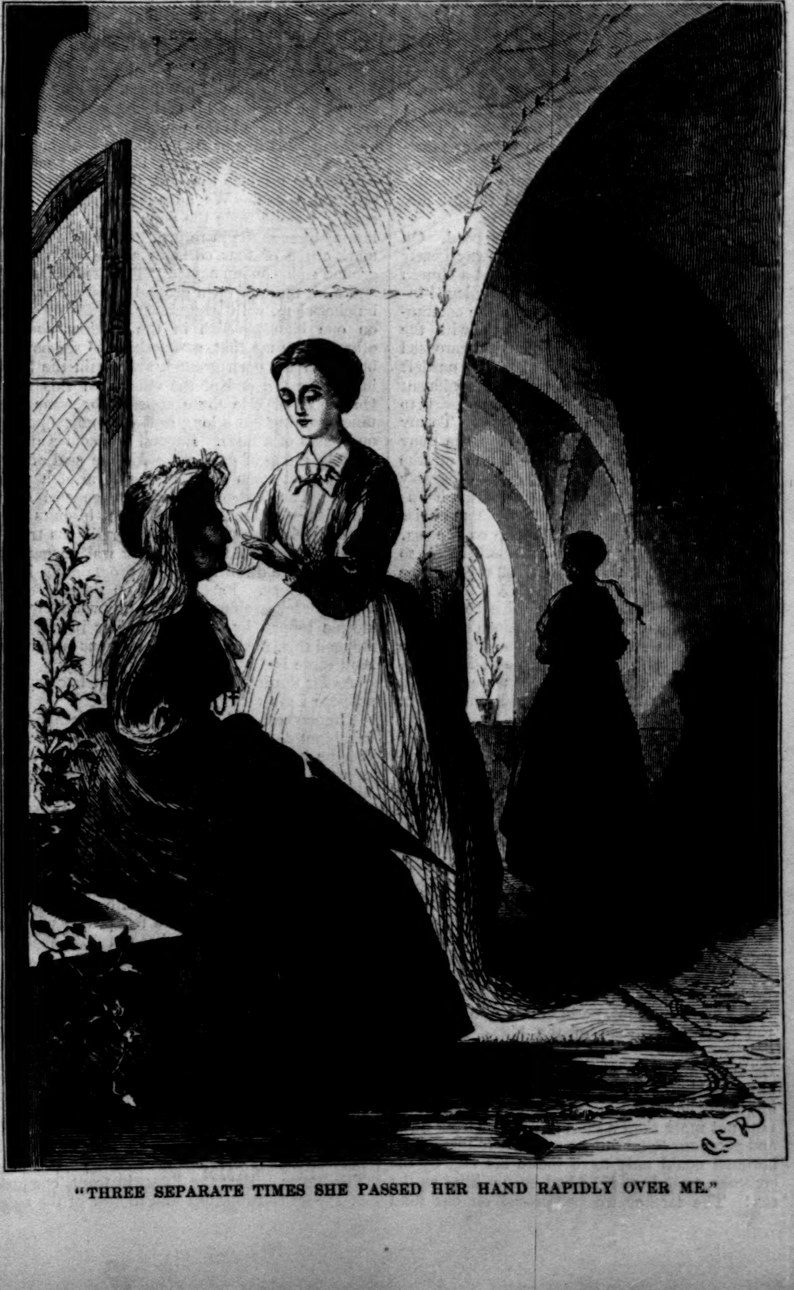
My letter brought me into contact with a lawyer. The lawyer enveloped himself in mystery. It seemed to be a professional habit with him to tell nobody any thing if he could possibly help it.

Drop by drop this wearisome man let the circumstances out. The lady was a young lady. She was the daughter of a clergyman. She lived in a retired part of the country. More even than that, she lived in a retired part of the house. Her father had married a second time. Having only the young lady as child by his first marriage, he had (I suppose by way of a change) a large family by his second marriage. Circumstances rendered it necessary for the young lady to live as much apart as she could from the tumult of a houseful of children. So he went on, until there was no keeping it in any longer, and then he let it out—the young lady was blind!

Young—lonely—blind. I had a sudden inspiration. I felt I should love her.

The question of my musical capacity was in this sad case a serious one. The poor young lady had one great pleasure to illumine her dark life—music. Her companion was wanted to play from the book, and play worthily, the works of the great masters (whom this young creature adored); and she, listening, would take her place next at the piano and reproduce the music, morsel by morsel, by ear. A professor was appointed to pronounce sentence on me, and declare if I could be trusted not to misinterpret Mozart, Beethoven, and the other masters who have written for the piano. Through this ordeal I passed with success. As for my references, they spoke for themselves. Not even the lawyer (though he

THE DAMP WOMAN.



"THREE SEPARATE TIMES SHE PASSED HER HAND RAPIDLY OVER ME."

tried hard) could pick holes in them. It was arranged on both sides that I should, in the first instance, go on a month's visit to the young lady. If we both wished it at the end of the time, I was to stay, on terms arranged to my perfect satisfaction. There was our treaty!

The next day I started for my visit by the railway.

My instructions directed me to travel to the town of Lewes, in Sussex. Arrived there, I was to ask for the pony-chaise of my young lady's father—described on his card as Reverend Tertius Finch. The chaise was to take me to the rectory house in the village of Dimchurch. And the village of Dimchurch was situated among the South Down Hills, three or four miles from the coast.

When I stepped into the railway carriage this was all I knew. After my adventurous life—after the volcanic agitations of my republican career in the Doctor's time—was I about to bury myself in a remote English village, and live a life as monotonous as the life of a sheep on a hill? Ah! with all my experience, I had yet to learn that the narrowest human limits are wide enough to contain the grandest human emotions. I had seen the Drama of Life amidst the turmoil of tropical revolutions. I was to see it again, with all its palpitating interest, in the breezy solitudes of the South Down Hills.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

MADAME PRATOLUNGO MAKES A VOYAGE ON LAND.

A WELL-FED boy, with yellow Saxon hair, a little shabby green chaise, and a rough brown pony—these objects confronted me at the Lewes station. I said to the boy, "Are you Reverend Finch's servant?" And the boy answered, "I be he."

We drove through the town—a hilly town of desolate, clean houses. No living creatures visible behind the jealously shut windows. No living creatures entering or departing through the sad-colored closed doors. No theatre; no place of amusement, except an empty town-hall, with a sad policeman meditating on its spruce white steps. No customers in the shops, and nobody to serve them behind the counter, even if they had turned up. Here and there on the pavements an inhabitant with a capacity for staring, and (apparently) a capacity for nothing else. I said to Reverend Finch's boy, "Is this a rich place?" Reverend Finch's boy brightened, and answered, "That it be!" Good. At any rate, they don't enjoy themselves here—the infamous rich!

Leaving this town of unamused citizens immured in domestic tombs, we got on a fine high-road—still ascending—with a spacious open country on either side of it.

A spacious open country is a country soon exhausted by a sight-seer's eye. I have learned from my poor Pratolungo the habit of searching for the political convictions of my fellow-creatures when I find myself in contact with them in strange places. Having nothing else to do, I searched Finch's boy. His political programme I found to be: As much meat and beer as I can contain, and as little work to do for it as possible. In return for this, to touch my hat when I meet the Squire, and to be content with the station to which it has pleased God to call me. Miserable Finch's boy!

We reached the highest point of the road. On our right hand the ground sloped away gently into a fertile valley, with a village and a church in it; and beyond, an abominable privileged inclosure of grass and trees torn from the community by a tyrant, and called a Park, with the palace in which this enemy of mankind caroused and fattened standing in the midst. On our left hand spread the open country—a magnificent prospect of grand grassy hills rolling away to the horizon, bounded only by the sky. To my surprise Finch's boy descended, took the pony by the head, and deliberately led him off the high-road, and on to the wilderness of grassy hills, on which not so much as a foot-path was discernible any where, far or near. The chaise began to heave and roll like a ship on the sea. It became necessary to hold with both hands to keep my place. I thought first of my luggage—then of myself.

"How much is there of this?" I asked.

"Three mile on't," answered Finch's boy.

I insisted on stopping the ship—I mean the chaise—and on getting out. We tied my luggage fast with a rope; and then we went on again, the boy at the pony's head, and I after them on foot.

Ah, what a walk it was! What air over my head, what grass under my feet! The sweetness of the inner land and the crisp saltness of the distant sea were mixed in that delicious breeze. The short turf, fragrant with odorous herbs, rose and fell elastic underfoot. The mountain piles of white cloud moved in sublime procession along the blue field of heaven overhead. The wild growth of prickly bushes, spread in great patches over the grass, was in a glory of yellow bloom. On we went; now up, now down; now bending to the right, and now turning to the left. I looked about me. No house, no road, no paths, fences, hedges, walls; no landmarks of any sort. All round us, turn which way we might, nothing was to be seen but the majestic solitude of the hills. No living creatures appeared but the white dots of sheep scattered over the soft green distance, and the sky-lark singing his hymn of happiness, a speck above my head. Truly a wonderful place! Distant not more than a morning's drive from noisy and populous Brighton—a stranger to this neighborhood could only have found his way by the compass, exactly as if he had been sailing on the sea! The farther we penetrated on our land voyage, the more wild and the more beautiful the solitary landscape grew. The boy picked his way as he chose—there were no barriers here. Plodding behind, I saw nothing, at one time, but the back of the chaise tilted up in the air, both boy and pony being invisibly buried in the steep descent of the hill. At other times the pitch was all the contrary way; the whole interior of the ascending chaise was disclosed to my view, and above the chaise the pony, and above the pony the boy—and, ah, my luggage swaying and rocking in the frail embraces of the rope that held it. Twenty times did I confidently expect to see baggage, chaise, pony, boy, all rolling down into the bottom of a valley together. But no! Not the least little accident happened to spoil my enjoyment of the day. Politically contemptible, Finch's boy had his merit—he was master of his subject as guide and pony-leader among the South Down Hills.

Arrived at the top of (as it seemed to me) our fiftieth grassy summit, I began to look about for signs of the village.

Behind me rolled back the long undulations of the hills, with the cloud-shadows moving over the solitudes that we had left. Before me, at a break in the purple distance, I saw the soft white line of the sea. Beneath me, at my feet, opened the deepest valley I had noticed yet—with one first sign of the presence of Man scored hideously on the face of Nature, in the shape of a square brown patch of cleared and plowed land on the grassy slope. I asked if we were getting near the village now. Finch's boy winked, and answered, "Yes, we be."

Astonishing Finch's boy! Ask him what questions I might, the resources of his vocabulary remained invariably the same. Still this youthful Oracle answered always in three monosyllabic words!

We plunged into the valley.

Arrived at the bottom, I discovered another sign of Man. Behold the first road I had seen yet—a rough wagon-road plowed deep in the chalky soil! We crossed this, and turned a corner of a hill. More signs of human life. Two small boys started up out of a dry ditch—apparently set as scouts to give notice of our approach. They yelled and set off running before us by some short-cut known only to themselves. We turned again, round another winding of the valley, and crossed a brook. I considered it my duty to make myself acquainted with the local names. What was the brook called? It was called "The Cockshoot!" And the great hill, here, on my right? It was called "The Overblow!" Five minutes more, and we saw our first house—lonely and little—built of mortar and flint from the hills. A name to this also? Certainly! Name of "Browndown." Another ten minutes of walking, involving us more and more deeply in the mysterious green windings of the valley, and the great event of the day happened at last. Finch's boy pointed before him with his whip, and said (even at this supreme moment still in three monosyllabic words), "Here we be!"

So this is Dimchurch! I shake out the chalk-dust from the skirts of my dress. I long (quite vainly) for the least bit of looking-glass to see myself in. Here is the population (to the number of at least five or six) gathered together, informed by the scouts, and it is my woman's business to produce the best impression of myself that I can. We advance along the little road. I smile upon the population; the population stares at me in return. On one side I remark three or four cottages and a bit of open ground; also an inn named "The Cross-Hands," and a bit more of open ground; also a tiny, tiny butcher-shop, with sanguinary insides of sheep on one blue pie-dish in the window, and no other meat than that, and nothing to see beyond but again the open ground, and again the hills, indicating the end of the village on this side. On the other side there appears for some distance nothing but a long flint wall guarding the outhouses of a farm. Beyond this comes another little group of cottages, with the seal of civilization set upon them in the form of a post-office. The post-office deals in general commodities—in boots and bacon, biscuits and flannel, crinoline petticoats and religious tracts. Farther on, behold another flint wall, a garden, and a private dwelling-house, proclaiming itself as the rectory. Farther yet, on rising ground, a little desolate church, with a tiny white circular steeple topped by an extinguisher in red tiles. Beyond this, the hills and the heavens once more. And there is Dimchurch!

As for the inhabitants—what am I to say? I suppose I must tell the truth.

I remarked one born gentleman among the inhabitants, and he was a sheep-dog. He alone did the honors of the place. He had a stump of a tail, which he wagged at me with extreme difficulty, and a good, honest white and black face which he poked companionably into my hand. "Welcome, Madame Pratolungo, to Dimchurch; and excuse these male and female laborers who stand and stare at you. The good God who makes us all has made them too, but has not succeeded so well as with you and me." I happen to be one of the few people who can read dogs' language as written in dogs' faces. I correctly report the language of the gentleman-sheep-dog on this occasion.

We opened the gate of the rectory and passed in. So my Land Voyage over the South Down Hills came prosperously to its end.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

POOR MISS FINCH.

THE rectory resembled, in one respect, this narrative that I am now writing. It was in Two Parts. Part the First, in front, composed of the everlasting flint and mortar of the neighborhood, failed to interest me. Part the Second, running back at a right angle, asserted itself as ancient. It had been in its time, as I afterward heard, a convent of nuns. Here were snug little Gothic windows, and dark ivy-covered walls of venerable stone, repaired in places at some past period with quaint red bricks. I had hoped that I should enter the house by this side of it. But no. The boy—after appearing to be at a loss what to do with me—led the way to a door on the modern side of the building, and rang the bell.

A slovenly young maid-servant admitted me to the house.

Possibly this person was new to the duty of receiving visitors. Possibly she was bewildered by a sudden invasion of children in dirty frocks darting out on us in the hall, and then darting back again into invisible back regions, screeching at the sight of a stranger. At any rate, she, too, appeared to be at a loss what to do with me. After staring hard at my foreign face, she suddenly opened a door in the wall of the passage, and admitted me into a small room. Two more children in dirty frocks darted, screaming, out of the asylum thus offered to me. I mentioned my name as soon as I could make myself heard. The maid appeared to be terrified at the length of it. I gave her my card. The maid took it between a dirty finger and thumb, looked at it as if it were some extraordinary natural curiosity, turned it round, exhibiting correct black impressions in various parts of it of her finger and thumb, gave up understanding it in despair, and left the room. She was stopped outside (as I gathered from the sounds) by a returning invasion of children in the hall. There was whispering, there was giggling, there was, every now and then, a loud thump on the door. Prompted by the children, as I suppose—pushed in by them, certainly—the maid suddenly re-appeared with a jerk. "Oh, if you please, come this way," she said. The invasion of children retreated again up the stairs, one of them in possession of my card, and waving it in triumph on the first landing. We penetrated to the other end of the passage. Again a door was opened. Unannounced, I entered another and a larger room. What did I see?

Fortune had favored me at last. My lucky star had led me to the mistress of the house.

I made my best courtesy, and found myself confronting a large, light-haired, languid, lymphatic lady, who had evidently been amusing herself by walking up and down the room at the moment when I appeared. If there can be such a thing as *a damp woman*, this was one. There was a humid shine on her colorless white face, and an overflow of water in her pale blue eyes. Her hair was not dressed, and her lace cap was all on one side. The upper part of her was clothed in a loose jacket of blue merino; the lower part was robed in a dimity dressing-gown of doubtful white. In one hand she held a dirty dog-eared book, which I at once detected to be a circulating library novel. Her other hand supported a baby enveloped in flannel, sucking at her breast. Such was my first experience of Reverend Finch's wife—destined to be also the experience of all after-time. Never completely dressed, never completely dry; always with a baby in one hand and a novel in the other—such was Finch's wife!

"Oh, Madame Pratolungo? Yes. I hope somebody has told Miss Finch you are here. She has her own establishment, and manages every thing herself. Have you had a pleasant journey?" (These words were spoken vacantly, as if her mind was occupied with something else. My first impression of her suggested that she was a weak, good-natured woman, and that she must have originally occupied a station in the humbler ranks of life.)

"Thank you, Mrs. Finch," I said. "I have enjoyed most heartily my journey among your beautiful hills."

"Oh, you like the hills? Excuse my dress. I was half an hour late this morning. When you lose half an hour in this house you never *can* pick it up again, try how you may." (I soon discovered that Mrs. Finch was always losing half an hour out of her day, and that she never, by any chance, succeeded in finding it again, as she had just told me.)

"I understand, madam. The cares of a numerous family—"

"Ah! that's just where it is." (This was a favorite phrase with Mrs. Finch.) "There's Finch, he gets up in the morning and goes and works in the garden. Then there's the washing of the children, and the dreadful waste that goes on in the kitchen. And Finch, he comes in without any notice, and wants his breakfast. And, of course, I can't leave the baby. And half an hour does slip away so easily that how to overtake it again I do assure you I really don't know." Here the baby began to exhibit symptoms of having taken more maternal nourishment than his infant stomach could comfortably contain. I held the novel while Mrs. Finch searched for her handkerchief—first, in her bed-gown pocket; secondly, here, there, and every where in the room.

At this interesting moment there was a knock at the door. An elderly woman appeared, who offered a most refreshing contrast to the members of the household with whom I had made acquaintance thus far. She was neatly dressed; and she saluted me with the polite composure of a civilized being.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am. My young lady has only this moment heard of your arrival. Will you be so kind as to follow me?"

I turned to Mrs. Finch. She had found her handkerchief, and had put her overflowing baby to rights again. I respectfully handed back the novel. "Thank you," said Mrs. Finch. "I find novels compose my mind. Do you read novels too? Remind me, and I'll lend you this one to-morrow." I expressed my acknowledgments, and withdrew. At the door I looked round, saluting the lady of the house. Mrs. Finch was promenading the room, with the baby in one hand and the novel in the other, and the dimity bed-gown trailing behind her.

We ascended the stairs, and entered a bare whitewashed passage, with drab-colored doors in it, leading, as I presumed, into the sleeping chambers of the house.

Every door opened as we passed; children peeped out at me, screamed at me, and banged the door to again. "What family has the present Mrs. Finch?" I asked. The decent elderly woman was obliged to stop and consider. "Including the baby, ma'am, and two sets of twins, and one seven months' child of deficient intellect—fourteen in all." Hearing this, I began—though I consider priests, kings, and capitalists to be the enemies of the human race—to feel a certain exceptional interest in Reverend Finch. Did he never wish that he had been a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, mercifully forbidden to marry at all? While the question passed through my mind my guide took out a key and opened a heavy oaken door at the further end of the passage.

"We are obliged to keep the door locked, ma'am," she explained, "or the children would be in and out of our part of the house all day long."

After my experience of the children I own I looked at the oaken door with mingled sentiments of gratitude and respect.

We turned a corner, and found ourselves in the vaulted corridor of the ancient portion of the house.

The casement windows on one side—sunk deep in recesses—looked into the garden. Each recess was filled with groups of flowers in pots. On the other side the old wall was gayly decorated with hangings of bright chintz. The doors were colored of a creamy white, with gilt mouldings. The brightly ornamented matting under our feet I at once recognized as of South American origin. The ceiling above was decorated in delicate pale blue, with borderings of flowers. Nowhere down the whole extent of the place was so much as a single morsel of dark color to be seen any where.

At the lower end of the corridor a solitary figure in a pure white robe was bending over the flowers in the window. This was the blind girl whose dark hours I had come to cheer. In the scattered villages of the South Downs the simple people added their word of pity to her name, and called her, compassionately, "Poor Miss Finch." As for me, I can only think of her by her pretty Christian name. She is "Lucilla" when my memory dwells on her. Let me call her "Lucilla" here.

When my eyes first rested on her she was picking off the dead leaves from her flowers. Her delicate ear detected the sound of my strange footstep, long before I reached the place at which she was standing. She lifted her head and advanced quickly to meet me, with a faint flush on her face, which came and died away again in a moment. I happen to have visited the picture-gallery at Dresden in former years. As she approached me, nearer and nearer, I was irresistibly reminded of the gem of that superb collection—the matchless Virgin of Raphael, called "The Madonna di San Sisto." The fair broad forehead; the peculiar fullness of the flesh between the eyebrow and the eyelid; the delicate outline of the lower face; the tender, sensitive lips; the color of the complexion and the hair—all reflected with a startling fidelity the lovely creature of the Dresden picture. The one fatal point at which the resemblance ceased was in the eyes. The divinely beautiful eyes of Raphael's Virgin were lost in the living likeness of her that confronted me now. There was no deformity, there was nothing to recoil from, in my blind Lucilla. The poor, dim, sightless eyes had a faded, changeless, inexpressive look—and that was all. Above them, below them, round them to the very edges of her eyelids, there was beauty, movement, life. *In* them—death. A more charming creature—with that one sad drawback—I never saw. There was no other personal defect in her. She had the fine height, the well-balanced figure, and the length of the lower limbs which make all a woman's movements graceful of themselves. Her voice was delicious—clear, cheerful, sympathetic. This, and her smile, which added a charm of its own to the beauty of her mouth, won my heart before she had got close enough to me to put her hand in mine. "Ah, my dear!" I said, in my headlong way, "I am so glad to see you!" The instant the words passed my lips, I could have cut my tongue out for reminding her in that brutal manner that she was blind.

To my relief she showed no sign of feeling it as I did. "May I see you in *my* way?" she asked, gently, and held up her pretty white hand. "May I touch your face?"

I sat down at once on the window-seat. The soft, rosy tips of her fingers seemed to cover my whole face in an instant. Three separate times she passed her hand rapidly over me, her own face absorbed all the while in breathless attention to what she was about. "Speak again!" she said, suddenly, holding her hand over me in suspense. I said a few words. She stopped me by a kiss. "No more!" she exclaimed, joyously. "Your voice says to my ears what your face says to my fingers. I know I shall like you. Come in and see the rooms we are going to live in together."

As I rose she put her arm round my waist—then instantly drew it away again, and shook her fingers impatiently, as if something had hurt them.

"A pin?" I asked.

"No! no! What colored dress have you got on?"

"Purple."

"Ah! I knew it! Pray don't wear dark colors. I have my own blind horror of any thing that is dark. Dear Madame Pratolungo, wear pretty bright colors, to please *me!*" She put her arm caressingly round me again—round my neck, however, this time, where her hand could rest on my linen collar. "You will change your dress before dinner—won't you?" she whispered. "Let me unpack for you, and choose which dress I like."

The brilliant decorations of the corridor were explained to me now.

We entered the rooms; her bedroom, my bedroom, and our sitting-room between the two. I was prepared to find them, what they proved to be—as bright as looking-glasses and gilding and gayly colored ornaments and cheerful knick-knacks of all sorts could make them. They were more like rooms in my lively native country than rooms in sober, colorless England. The one thing which, I own, did still astonish me was that all this sparkling beauty of adornment in Lucilla's habitation should have been provided for the express gratification of a young lady who could not see. Experience was yet to show me that the blind can live in their imaginations, and have their favorite fancies and illusions like the rest of us.

To satisfy Lucilla by changing my dark purple dress it was necessary that I should first have my boxes. So far as I knew, Finch's boy had taken my luggage, along with the pony, to the stables. Before Lucilla could ring the bell to make inquiries my elderly guide (who had silently left us while we were talking together in the corridor) re-appeared, followed by the boy and a groom, carrying my things. These servants also brought with them certain parcels for their young mistress, purchased in the town, together with a bottle, wrapped in fair white paper, which looked like a bottle of medicine—and which had a part of its own to play in our proceedings later in the day.

"This is my old nurse," said Lucilla, presenting her attendant to me. "Zillah can do a little of every thing—cooking included. She has had lessons at a London club. You must like Zillah, Madame Pratolungo, for my sake. Are your boxes open?"

She went down on her knees before the boxes, as she asked the question. No girl with the full use of her eyes could have enjoyed more thoroughly than she did the trivial amusement of unpacking my clothes. This time, however, her wonderful delicacy of touch proved to be at fault. Of two dresses of mine which happened to be exactly the same in texture, though widely different in color, she picked out the dark dress as being the light one. I saw that I disappointed her sadly when I told her of her mistake. The next guess she made, however, restored the tips of her fingers to their place in her estimation: she discovered the stripes in a smart pair of stockings of mine, and brightened up directly. "Don't be long dressing," she said, on leaving me. "We shall have dinner in half an hour—French dishes, in honor of your arrival. I like a nice dinner; I am what you call in your country *gourmande*. See the sad consequences!" She put one finger to her pretty dimpled chin. "I am getting fat; I am threatened with a double chin—at two-and-twenty. Shocking! shocking!"

So she left me. And such was the first impression produced on my mind by "Poor Miss Finch."

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

TWILIGHT VIEW OF THE MAN.

OUR nice dinner had long since come to an end. We had chattered, chattered, chattered—as usual with women—all about ourselves. The day had declined, the setting sun was pouring its last red lustre into our pretty sitting-room, when Lucilla started as if she had suddenly remembered something, and rang the bell.

Zillah came in. "The bottle from the chemist's," said Lucilla. "I ought to have remembered it hours ago."

"Are you going to take it to Susan yourself, my dear?"

I was glad to hear the old nurse address her young lady in that familiar way. It was so thoroughly un-English. Down with the devilish system of separation between the classes in this country—that is what I say.

"Yes; I am going to take it to Susan myself."

"Shall I go with you?"

"No, no. Not the least occasion." She turned to me. "I suppose you are too tired to go out again after your walk on the hills?" she said.

I had dined; I had rested; I was quite ready to go out again, and I said so.

Lucilla's face brightened. For some reason of her own she had apparently attached a certain importance to persuading me to go out with her this evening.

"It's only a visit to a poor rheumatic woman in the village," she said. "I have got an embrocation for her; and I can't very well send it. She is old and obstinate. If I take it to her, she will believe in the remedy. If any body else takes it, she will throw it away. I had utterly forgotten her in the interest of our nice long talk. Shall we get ready?"

I had hardly closed the door of my bedroom when there was a knock at it. Lucilla? No: the old nurse entering on tiptoe, with a face of mystery, and a finger confidentially placed on her lips.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," she began, in a whisper. "I think you ought to know that my young lady has a purpose in taking you out with her this evening. She is burning with curiosity—like all the rest of us, for that matter. She took *me* out and used *my* eyes to see with yesterday evening, and they have not satisfied her. She is going to try your eyes now."

"What is Miss Lucilla so curious about?" I inquired.

"It's natural enough, poor dear," pursued the old woman, following her own train of thought, without the slightest reference to my question. "We none of us can find out any thing about him. He usually takes his walk at twilight. You are pretty sure to meet him to-night; and you will judge for yourself, ma'am—with an innocent young creature like Miss Lucilla—what it may be best to do."

This extraordinary answer set *my* curiosity in a flame.

"My good creature," I said, "you forget that I am a stranger. I know nothing about it. Has this mysterious man got a name? Who is 'He?'"

As I said that there was another knock at the door. Zillah whispered, eagerly, "Don't tell upon me, ma'am. You will see for yourself. I only speak for my young lady's good." She hobbled away and opened the door—and there was Lucilla, with her smart garden hat on, waiting for me.

We went out by our own door into the garden, and, passing through a gate in the wall, entered the village.

After the caution which the nurse had given me it was impossible to ask any questions, except at the risk of making mischief in our little household on the first day of my joining it. I kept my eyes wide open, and waited for events. I also committed a blunder at starting—I offered Lucilla my hand to lead her. She burst out laughing.

"My dear Madame Pratolungo, I know my way better than you do. I roam all over the neighborhood with nothing to help me but this."

She held up a smart ivory walking-cane, with a bright silk tassel attached. With her cane in one hand, and her chemical bottle in the other—and her roguish little hat on the top of her head—she made the quaintest and prettiest picture I had seen for many a long day. "*You* shall guide *me*, my dear," I said, and took her arm. We went on down the village.

Nothing in the least like a mysterious figure passed us in the twilight. The few scattered laboring people whom I had already seen I saw again, and that was all. Lucilla was silent—suspiciously silent, as I thought, after what Zillah had told me. She had, as I fancied, the look of a person who was listening intently. Arrived at the cottage of the rheumatic woman, she stopped and went in, while I waited outside. The affair of the embrocation was not long. She was out again in a minute, and this time she took my arm of her own accord.

"Shall we go a little further?" she said. "It is so nice and cool at this hour of the evening."

Her object in view, whatever it might be, was evidently an object that lay beyond the village. In the solemn, peaceful twilight we followed the lonely windings of the valley along which I had passed in the morning. When we came opposite the little solitary house, which I had already learned to know as "Browndown," I felt her hand unconsciously tighten on my arm. "Aha!" I said to myself. "Has Browndown any thing to do with this?"

"Does the view look very lonely to-night?" she asked, waving her cane over the scene before us.

The true meaning of that question I took to be, "Do you see any body walking out to-night?" It was not my business to interpret her meaning before she had thought fit to confide her secret to me. "To my mind, dear," was all I said, "it is a very beautiful view."

She fell silent again, and absorbed herself in her own thoughts. We turned into a new winding of the valley, and there, walking toward us from the opposite direction, was a human figure at last—the figure of a solitary man!

As we got nearer to each other I perceived that he was a gentleman; dressed in a light shooting-jacket, and wearing a felt hat of the conical Italian shape. A little nearer, and I saw that he was young. Nearer still, and I discovered that he was handsome, though in rather an effeminate way. At the same moment Lucilla heard his footstep. Her color instantly rose, and once again I felt her hand tighten involuntarily round my arm. (Good! Here was the mysterious object of Zillah's warning to me found at last!)

I have, and I don't mind acknowledging it, an eye for a handsome man. I looked at him as he passed us. Now, I solemnly assure you, I am not an ugly woman. Nevertheless, as our eyes met, I saw the strange gentleman's face suddenly contract, with an expression which told me plainly that I had produced a disagreeable impression on him. With some difficulty—for my companion was holding my arm, and seemed to be disposed to stop altogether—I quickened my pace so as to get by him rapidly; showing him, I dare say, that I thought the change in his face when I looked at him an impertinence on his part. However that may be, after a momentary interval I heard his step behind. The man had turned, and had followed us.

He came close to me, on the opposite side to Lucilla, and took off his hat.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," he said. "You looked at me just now."

At the first sound of his voice I felt Lucilla start. Her hand began to tremble on my arm with some sudden agitation inconceivable to me. In the double surprise of discovering this and of finding myself charged so abruptly with the offense of looking at a gentleman, I suffered the most exceptional of all losses (where a woman is concerned)—the loss of my tongue.

He gave me no time to recover myself. He proceeded with what he had to say—speaking, mind, in the tone of a perfectly well-bred man, with nothing wild in his look and nothing odd in his manner.

"Excuse me if I venture on asking you a very strange question," he went on. "Did you happen to be at Exeter on the third of last month?"

(I must have been more or less than woman if I had not recovered the use of my tongue now.)

"I never was at Exeter in my life, Sir," I answered. "May I ask, on my side, why you put the question to me?"

Instead of replying, he looked at Lucilla.

"Pardon me once more. Perhaps this young lady—"

He was plainly on the point of inquiring next whether Lucilla had been at Exeter, when he checked himself. In the breathless interest which she felt in what was going on she had turned her full face upon him. There was still light enough left for her eyes to tell their own sad story, in their own mute way. As he read the truth in them the man's face changed from the keen look of scrutiny which it had worn thus far to an expression of compassion—I had almost said of distress. He again took off his hat, and bowed to me with the deepest respect.

"I beg your pardon," he said, very earnestly; "I beg the young lady's pardon. Pray forgive me. My strange behavior has its excuse—if I could bring myself to explain it. You distressed me when you looked at me. I can't explain why. Good-evening."

He turned away hastily, like a man confused and ashamed of himself, and left us. I can only repeat that there was nothing strange or flighty in his manner. A perfect gentleman, in full possession of his senses—there is the unexaggerated and the just description of him.

I looked at Lucilla. She was standing with her blind face raised to the sky, lost in herself, like a person rapt in ecstasy.

"Who is that man?" I asked.

My question brought her down suddenly from heaven to earth. "Oh!" she said, reproachfully, "I had his voice still in my ears, and now I have lost it! 'Who is he!'" she added, after a moment, repeating my question; "nobody knows. Tell me—what is he like? Is he beautiful? He *must* be beautiful, with that voice!"

"Is this the first time you have heard his voice?" I inquired.

"Yes. He passed us yesterday, when I was out with Zillah; but he never spoke. What is he like? Do, pray, tell me—what is he like?"

There was a passionate impatience in her tone which warned me not to trifle with her. The darkness was coming. I thought it wise to propose returning to the house. She consented to do any thing I liked, as long as I consented, on my side, to describe the unknown man.

All the way back I was questioned and cross-questioned, till I felt like a witness under skillful examination in a court of law. Lucilla appeared to be satisfied so far with the results.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, letting out the secret which her old nurse had confided to me. "*You* can use your eyes. Zillah could tell me nothing."

When we got home again her curiosity took another turn. "Exeter?" she said, considering with herself. "He mentioned Exeter. I am like you—I never was there. What will books tell us about Exeter?" She dispatched Zillah to the other side of the house for a gazetteer.

I followed the old woman into the corridor, and set her mind at ease in a whisper. "I have kept what you told me a secret," I said. "The man was out in the twilight, as you foretold. I have spoken to him; and I am quite as curious as the rest of you. Now get the book."

Lucilla had, to confess the truth, infected me with her idea that the gazetteer might help us in interpreting the stranger's remarkable question relating to the third of last month, and his extraordinary assertion that I had distressed him when I looked at him. With the nurse breathless on one side of me, and Lucilla breathless on the other, I opened the book at the letter "E," and found the place, and read aloud these lines, as follows:

"EXETER. A city and sea-port in Devonshire. Formerly the seat of the West Saxon Kings. It has a large foreign and home commerce. Population 33,738. The Assizes for Devonshire are held at Exeter in the spring and summer."

"Is that all?" asked Lucilla.

I shut the book, and answered, like Finch's boy, in three monosyllabic words:

"That is all."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A YOUNG lady at an evening party some time ago found it apropos to use the expression, "Jordan is a hard road to travel," but thinking that too vulgar, substituted the following: "Perambulating progression in pedestrian excursion along the far-famed thoroughfare of fortune cast up by the banks of the sparkling river of Palestine is indeed attended with a heterogeneous conglomeration of unforeseen difficulties."

CAUDAL LECTURES—Darwin's.

"What is the annual corn crop of Kentucky?" asked a foreign tourist of a Kentuckian. "I can't exactly say," replied the Kentuckian; "but I know it's enough to make all the whisky we want, besides what is wasted for bread."

A mosquito taper is a Pittsburg invention. It creates such a smell while burning that mosquitoes ask to be excused. It drives human beings out-doors also, which is its only defect.

The following is part of a telegram relating to the heat in court the other day: "Even Billy he complained of the excessive heat, and the court adjourned." We presume "even Billy" is substituted for "eventually."

A Yankee having told an Englishman that he shot, on one particular occasion, nine hundred and ninety-nine snipe, his interlocutor asked him why he didn't make it a thousand at once. "No," said he; "it's not likely I'm going to tell a lie for one snipe." Whereupon the Englishman, determined not to be outdone, began to tell a story of a man having swum from Liverpool to Boston. "Did you see him yourself?" asked the Yankee, suddenly. "Why, yes, of course I did; I was coming across, and our vessel passed him a mile out of Boston Harbor." "Well, I'm glad ye saw him, stranger, cos yer a witness that I did it. That was me."

THE SLAVE OF THE "RING"—A bride.

It is reported as a recent occurrence that a poor young man fell in love with an heiress, and the passion being returned, it only wanted the parent's consent to make them happy. At length, meeting the father, he asked for the daughter's hand. "How much money can you command?" asked the millionaire, gruffly. "Not much," was the reply. "What are your expectations?" "Well, to tell you the truth, I 'expect,' if you refuse your consent, to run away with your daughter, and marry her without it."

ADVICE TO LOVERS.—When you can not catch the last car at night, take a "buss" instead.

A rising poet of ardent temperament thus describes some of the wonderful performances of "Dame Nature:"

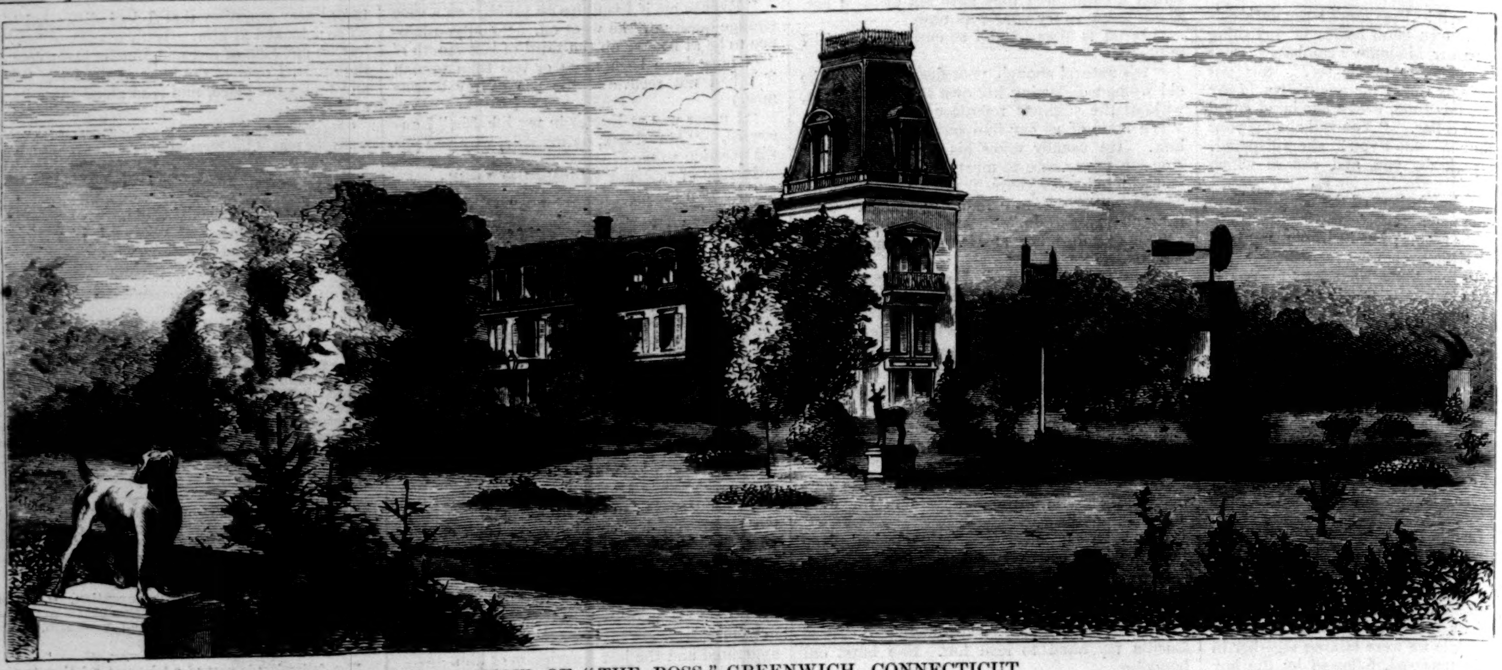
"She next made Woman—so the story goes—
With an improved material and art;
Gave her a form, the choicest one of those
That make aught beautiful, and to her heart
A power to soften man; and forced the rose
Its blushing tint to her soft cheek impart;
Then *chopp'd the rainbow up*, and with the chips
She went to work, and finished off her lips!"

The key to Darwin's theory which is apparent to all is—Monkey.

"I keep the best bread," said a certain baker the other day to a poor fellow who complained of the inferior quality of the article he had purchased of him the day before. "I don't doubt it," replied the customer. "Then why do you complain?" asked the baker. "Because I would suggest that you sell the best bread and keep the bad," was the reply.

OUR HONORED GUEST.

COMMITTEE OF RECEPTION. "In the name of the city of New York we bid you welcome, believing that you will find the condition of our streets to suit you as well as any thing in Asia."



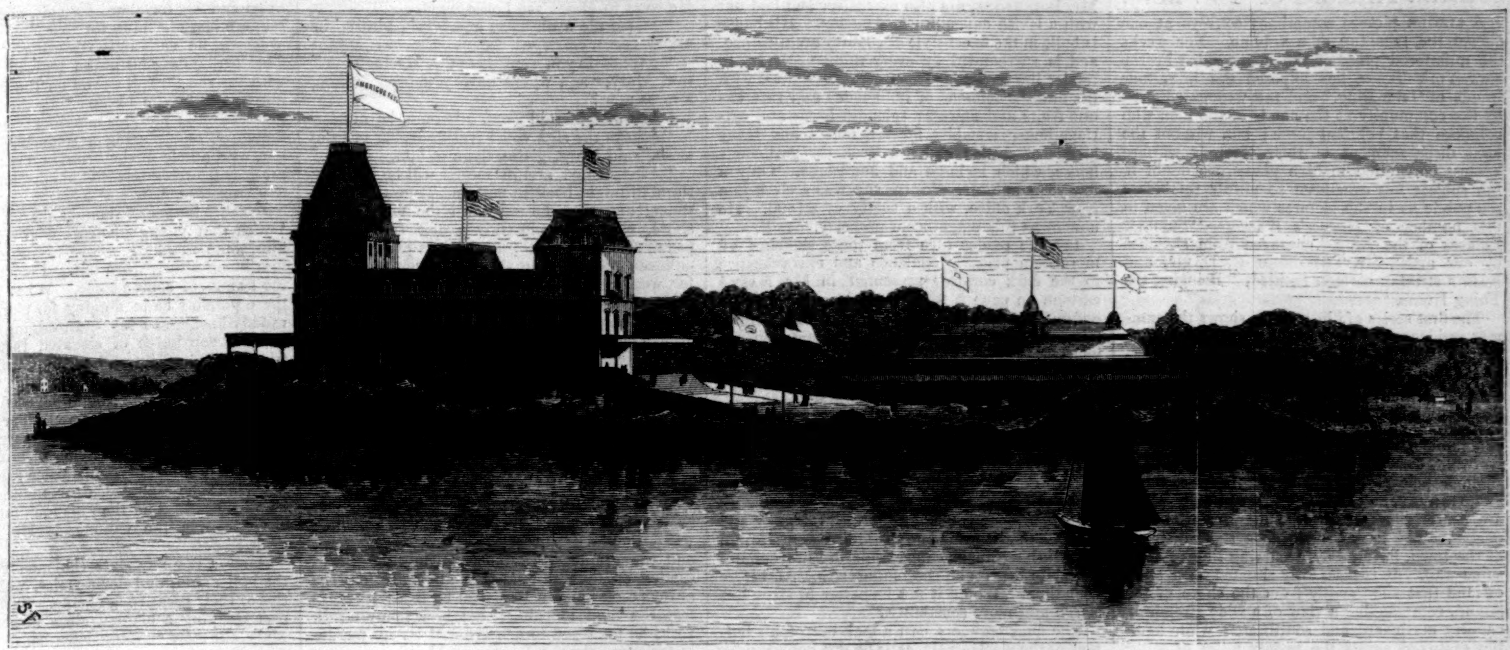
HOME OF "THE BOSS," GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT.

J. H. KEYSER. E. A. WOODWARD. J. H. INGERSOLL.

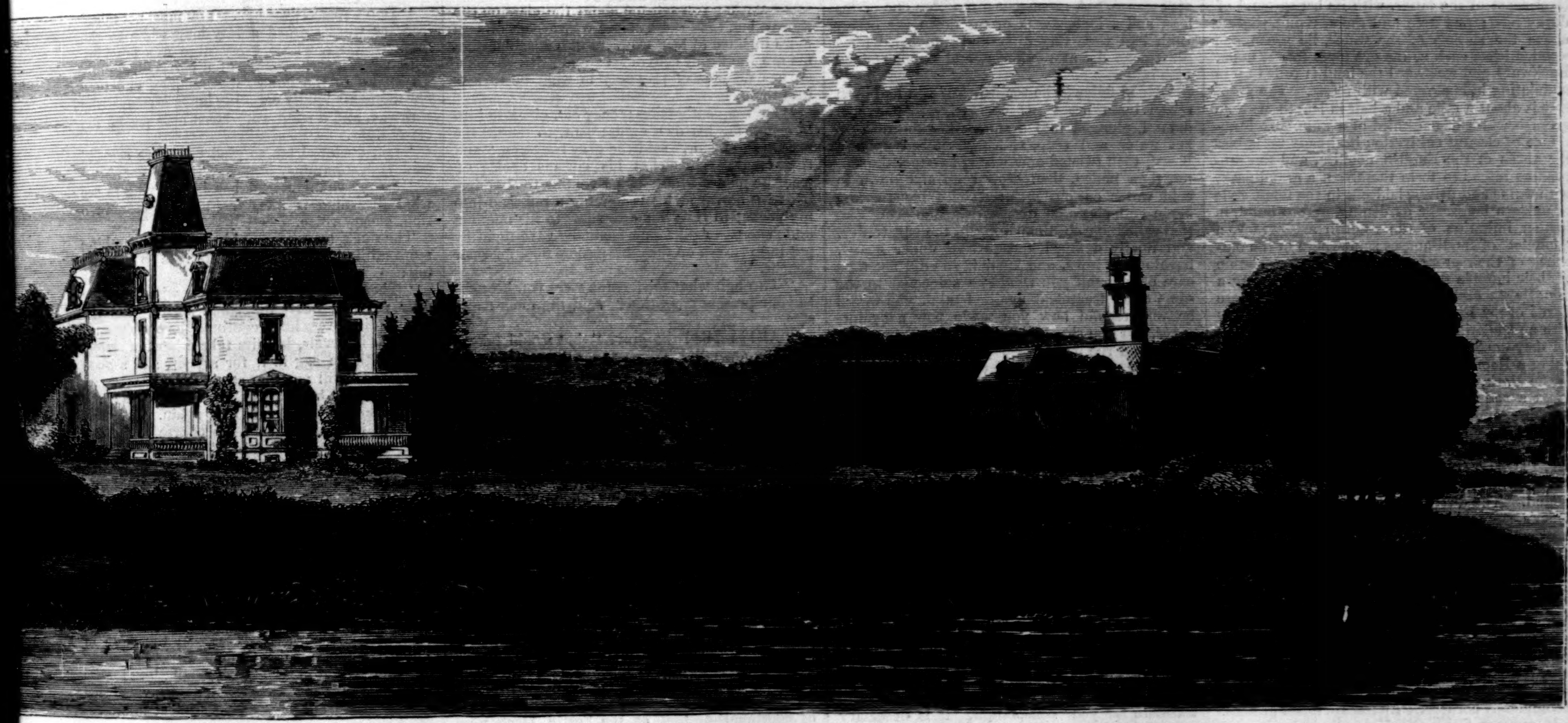
E. A. WOODWARD, NORWALK, CONNECTICUT.

J. H. INGER

SUMMER PALACES OF THE TAMM



AMERICUS CLUB HOUSE, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT.

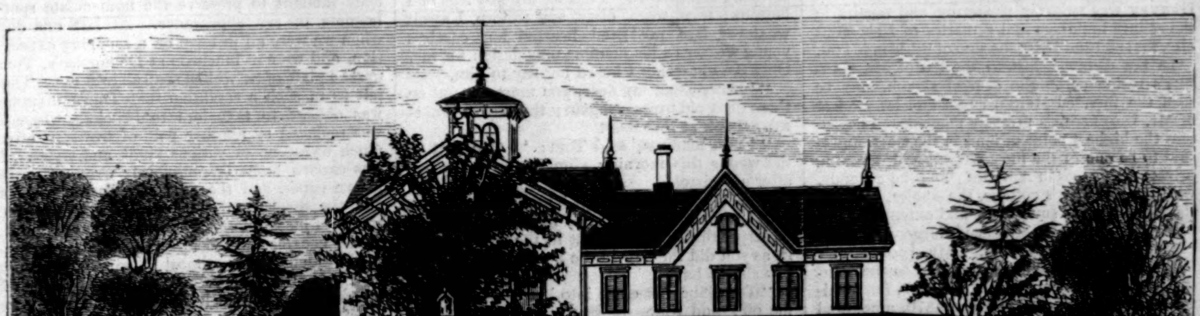


L.

A. J. GARVEY.

GARVEY'S STABLE.

INGERS , CONNECTICUT.



J. H. KEYSER, NORWALK, CONNECTICUT.

TAMM See Page 818 and Cartoon on Page 812.]

SUMMER PALACES OF THE RING.

A SINGLE picture sometimes conveys at one glance the meaning of a volume. For weeks the unfettered press of the country, led by the New York *Times*, has exposed the iniquitous frauds of "the Ring," and the wrongs suffered by the community at the hands of the men who compose that political junta; but, without the least disparagement of their vigorous warfare against corruption in high places, we doubt if the subject has ever been so pithily set before the public as in the pictures which are given in this number of *Harper's Weekly*—"Summer Palaces of the Ring," engraved from sketches by our artist, Mr. THEODORE R. DAVIS, and NAST'S striking cartoon entitled, "Bringing the Thing Home."

The first series of illustrations shows the summer residences of some of the most noted members of the Ring. There is the famous "Americus Club House" at Greenwich, Connecticut, an excellent portrait of the Boss, and a sketch of his palatial residence at the same place. The strip through the centre of the page gives a semi-panoramic view of Woodward Park, at South Norwalk, Connecticut, in which are situated the summer palaces of Messrs. WOODWARD, KEYSER, GARVEY, and INGERSOLL; and underneath are nearer views of three of these palatial residences. The Park lies within a short distance of the town, inclosed by a curving line of solid stone wall. It is pleasantly situated on a swell of land that rises gently from the shore of the Sound, commanding a view of a wide stretch of country northward and southward; while looking eastward across the twenty miles of water that intervenes between it and Long Island one may see in clear weather the lengthened line of level coast of the latter, with its background of dusky hills; and here and there, rising slightly above the surface of the water, lie green and wooded islets such as the eye loves to rest upon. Backward and westward the land is rolled up in undulating hills covered with forest. The property is about a mile and a half in length, with an average width of one-third of a mile. In luxuriance of elegant cultivation it already resembles the parks of the English nobility, and the proprietors intend to form therefrom a grand park, with walks and drives, laid out in the finest style of modern landscape gardening, and to build, in further imitation of the English aristocracy, a "hamlet" of small houses somewhere in the outskirts of their property for the accommodation of their humble dependents. While drawing a princely income from their investment, these Lords of the Ring will thus surround themselves with a population of subservient voters, by whose aid they doubtless intend to obtain political control of a Republican district.

The Park, nearly surrounded by water, comprises a series of small knolls, divided by low meadows, and at high tide converted into islands, to which access is given by means of handsome bridges. The residence of Mr. ANDREW J. GARVEY, Plasterer to the Ring, stands on "Garvey's Island," which contains about three acres of ground. The dwelling, which is intended as the owner's summer residence, is a frame house, three stories in height, of the ordinary villa pattern, painted yellow, with brown trimmings, and is about 25 by 35 feet in dimensions. The windows are square with rounded tops, pointed wooden arches being set in above. It has a French roof, and a square tower with circular windows on the southeasterly side overlooking the Sound. Although less pretentious than the other residences in the park, Mr. GARVEY'S house is superbly and elaborately finished. The island is completely bordered with trees of forest growth.

It appears from the Controller's books, according to the statements in the *Times*, that Mr. GARVEY was paid for plastering and repairs in the county buildings and armories of New York city, for 1869 and 1870, the sum of $2,870,464 06.

In the distance, just to the left of Mr. GARVEY'S residence, in the central sketch, may be seen the turreted Mansard roof and lofty tower of Mr. INGERSOLL'S princely mansion. It occupies the highest point of land in the tract, and is said to be one of the most elegant and imposing private residences in America; and the grounds, with the gardener's cottage, the stables, and carriage-houses, are sumptuous and extensive.

Mr. INGERSOLL'S residence is larger and more costly than Mr. GARVEY'S. Mr. INGERSOLL'S bills against the county, according to the Controller's books, as given in the *Times*, for furniture, carpets, etc., in 1869 and 1870, amounted to $5,663,646 83.

Mr. JOHN H. KEYSER'S house is situated on an island comprising about thirty acres of ground, bordered with a dense wood, and surrounded with a stone wall laid in cement, to break the force of the waves in stormy weather. The house, an elegant and tasteful structure, is about 50 by 50 feet, and three stories in height, with sloping roofs, which intersect each other, painted a dark red. A handsome veranda runs around the house, which is painted a delicate buff, with dark brown trimmings. The windows are covered with pointed arches, and the whole woodwork is richly ornamented. Besides other outbuildings, the grounds contain two magnificent conservatories about 100 feet long by 50 wide, whence are dispensed upon the surrounding atmosphere the delicious odors of native and foreign flowers. The approach to Mr. KEYSER'S ground is by a fine gravel road, and around a splendid level race-track, which was laid out at the expense of all. The track is exactly one mile around.

The Controller's books, as quoted by the New York *Times*, show that Mr. KEYSER'S bills for plumbing and repairs in the various county offices in this city, for 1869 and 1870, amounted to $1,231,817 76.

The grounds of Mr. ELBIRT A. WOODWARD, which are separated by a wire fence from those of Mr. INGERSOLL, are also extensive, and laid out with a lavish expenditure of money. His house is built in the finest style of country architecture, and is surrounded by every thing necessary to render life agreeable: conservatories filled with the finest specimens of indigenous and rare exotic fruits and flowers; splendid barns and carriage-houses; stables for fast horses and fancy breeds of cattle; and not least, the gardener's house, which is large and handsome. Only a few years ago Mr. WOODWARD was a clerk in a New York office, with a salary of $1500. He now owns this magnificent property.

Let the reader turn from these sketches of more than princely opulence and extravagance to the dark contrast presented in Mr. NAST'S cartoon on page 812. No words are needed to enforce the moral. Look first upon this picture, then on that, and make the application for yourself.

TOM'S TROWSERS.

Two pairs of trowsers—one pair of gray wool, the other of fine white duck—hung together in a dark closet for some days without exchanging a word. At last the gray pair, tired of the silence, spoke to his neighbor:

"My friend, you hang there so solemnly and straight that it leads one to think you are afraid of disturbing the elegant composure of your immaculate legs, and becoming wrinkled before your time. Would it not be better to show less starch and more sociability?"

The duck trowsers cast a look out of his buttons at the woolen pair, as if he did not consider himself in very select company; and in truth our friend of wool presented a most disreputable appearance. A great rent ran across one of his legs, and a long streak of tar down the other. Both legs were very dirty and rumpled, with a great poke out at the knees, and much stained with grass.

"Good fellow," he replied, "if you had been seized by a great red-cheeked, strong-armed damsel, plunged into a suffocating mixture of hot water and soap, violently rubbed upon a board, then twisted and wrung to expel the water, then boiled, then dipped up and down in cold water curiously tinged with blue, wrung again and plastered over with a slimy composition called starch, then hung in the sun to dry, and finally damped and pressed under heavy, burning hot irons, and knew if you did not take care of yourself you would be subjected to the same cruel treatment again, I think you would be very careful how you made new acquaintances, lest you should be led into some scrape or other, and rue it."

"Dear me!" said the gray trowsers. "How grand we are, to be sure! You were not so stiff the other day when you lay all in a heap on the closet floor waiting to be taken to the wash. Soap and starch have made a surprising difference in your complexion and manners since then. However, I will pardon your rudeness, for you did not know me in my best days. You were then shut up in a trunk in the garret for the winter, when I came home, fresh and elegant, from the tailor's. And as to suffering! Look at this fearful tear in my right leg, and at the nasty tar on the other, that no amount of soap and water can ever remove! Ah, my dear duck, you are fortunate in being able to renew your youth and beauty in the tub of the washer-woman, and at the cost of a little rough treatment. There is a French proverb which—as you come from Ireland, and as French is a language I became familiar with while in my native Germany—I will translate for your consolation, 'It is necessary to suffer to be beautiful.' But nothing will restore *my* lost glories. I am on my last legs and buttons: torn, worn, dirty, and forlorn, I await whatever fate my good-hearted but careless young wearer or his mamma may design for me. Only the other day I heard her say to him,

"'Now, Tom, my dear, you must not put on those dirty old trowsers again; they are disgraceful. Look at that tear!'

"'Yes, mamma,' said Tom; 'I tore that in the woods this morning, climbing over a fence after a squirrel.'

"'Well, I'm glad of it,' said his mamma. 'And you need not come to me for a needleful of carpet-thread with a knot in the end to mend it, as you did the tear in the brown trowsers, for you shan't have it.'

"Tom laughed, came into his room, dragged me off; and Kate, the seamstress, hung me up here, and here I have remained ever since, bored to death, and longing for something to happen to break up my dull seclusion, and divert my mind from dwelling with regret on the past and with apprehension on the future." Here our woolen friend sighed, and shook off a button hanging by a thread, which rolled along the closet floor and lodged in a crack.

"Pray," said the duck trowsers, "excuse my incivility. I had no idea we belonged to the same master; and I must say that of all the heedless, restless, unbearable young scamps—"

"Stop!" said the gray trowsers. "I won't hear a word said against him. I have too often been witness to evidences of his goodness of heart; and, in spite of his hard usage of me, I can't have him abused. Let me tell you a little incident. One day we were down on the shore just below the house. Were you ever there?"

"Oh yes," said the duck trowsers. "But I always dread going, for the sea air takes out all my starch."

"Well," replied the gray, "perhaps you remember seeing little children, frequently bare-footed, come there to gather chips and sticks of wood thrown up by the waves; you do? Well, as I said before, we were down there making preparations to fish for tomcod from the end of the old ruined wharf, when Tom threw down his hook and bait, and started for the house. He went to Mary, the house-maid.

"'Give me a dust-pan and brush, please,' he asked.

"'What do you want them for, Master Tom?' said Mary, 'and where have you been making a mess now?'

"'Nowhere,' said Tom. 'Come, be quick!'

"'Sorra the sign will I iver be seeing of thim ag'in,' said Mary, giving them to him.

"'Och, sure! and its meself will be bringing thim sthraight back to ye,' said Tom as he took them; and away he ran down the bank to the shore, where he carefully swept some small pieces of broken glass into the dust-pan, that the children might not cut their feet when they came for wood. He kept his promise to Mary by taking back the pan and brush, when she instantly inquired:

"'How many of my tumblers have you been afther breaking, Master Tom?'

"But Tom only laughed, and we ran back to our fishing, which went on in this wise: Tom baited his hook and took his seat on a stone at the end of the wharf, with our legs hanging over the water. Throwing his line in with one hand, he held his Greek grammar in the other, and studied away till he felt a bite. Then away went his book on the stones, page down or not as it might happen, till the fish was secured; when the hook was rebaited, the line thrown, and the grammar resumed. The fishing was carried on thus through the afternoon, and he always took home a basketful of fish for breakfast the next morning; but how many Greek verbs he managed to acquire and lay up for use in the same time, his tutor could tell you better than I."

"That is all very well," said the duck trowsers—"what you tell me about the glass on the shore; but that there never was a pair of legs more inclined to lead trowsers into mischief than his are I'm firmly convinced; and as to pockets, he has no idea of propriety in what he thrusts into them."

"He frequently takes money *out*, given to him to spend for his own amusement, to relieve the needs of the poor," said the gray trowsers, "and that excuses somewhat his curious choice of what he puts *in*—although I confess to shuddering with horror at his cramming a red toad into my pocket to take home to show to his mamma and sisters. And a fine fright he gave them by putting it down on the dining-room floor for their benefit."

"Through what misfortune were you brought to your present condition?" said the duck trowsers.

"Ah!" replied the gray, "that would take a long time to tell. To pass over the period while I lay yet undeveloped in the roll of fine cloth brought from my dear Germany to America (and fancy, my dear fellow-trowsers, how I am doubly worn to a thread when I hear of the war declared by France, and think that it is possible that aggressive nation may possess itself of the left bank of my beautiful Rhine!), I will go back only to the time when I came home from Messrs. Kutte & Phitters, and my dear Tom had signified his approval by cutting a caper, and by using the not very elegant but expressive epithet, 'Bully!' when he had tried me on before the long glass in his mamma's room. For some time I went only to church, or drove out with Tom, his mamma, and sisters—which Tom considered a very dull way of spending a bright afternoon. Occasionally we went to town, where I had an opportunity of meeting and comparing myself with the style and cut of other trowsers on Broadway, and where, also, I was in a state of continual disgust at the horrid black mud through which Tom would take me without the least thought to preserve the immaculate spotlessness of my appearance. At last one day when we were all in town on a shopping expedition, and were at luncheon at Delmonico's, Tom upset a plate of St. Julien soup all over me. This put us in such a condition that Tom's mamma was obliged to take him to Brooks's, where I was replaced by another pair of trowsers, after much trying on of various kinds and styles. I was carried home ignominiously wrapped up in brown paper, and the next day Tom's mamma and the seamstress endeavored to remove the traces of his carelessness by rubbing me with alcohol, benzine, and soap-and-water—only succeeding in taking off almost all my nap, and not in effacing the stains. As a very ugly pair of brown trowsers, which had preceded me, were very shabby, I took their place for every-day wear—a change rendered necessary the next day by Tom, who presented himself, I heard, in the afternoon covered to the waist with marsh mud. He had ventured too far into a salt meadow about two miles from the village, had stuck, and would have been drawn below the surface in a short time if his lusty cries for help had not been heard by a man passing on the road near by. Thus I became the constant companion of my dear Tom; and many a jolly day we have had together—never, I fear, to return."

Just then the trowsers heard through the partly open closet door the voices of Tom and Kate, his mamma's seamstress.

"Be a good girl, Kate," said Tom, "and get me a big needle and some black carpet-thread with a knot at the end."

"There's nothing but red thread in the house, Master Tom," said Kate.

"Thunder!" said Tom, "isn't there? Well, then, bring me that." And Tom threw open the closet door and took down the gray trowsers.

"Christopher!" cried he. "Where is that button gone?—the last button that held my suspenders! Kate!" shouted he, "bring me a button too."

"What kind of a button, Master Tom?"

"Oh, any kind that has holes in it that a fellow can sew on. You see, Kate," he said, when she came back with the things for him, "I want to go and dig for clams for bait, and these trowsers are just the thing for that."

Down he sat, and, whistling "Champagne Charley," cobbled up the tear in his trowsers with the red thread, sewed on the button, pushing in the needle by applying the head to the mantel-piece; and, his mending completed, drew them on, and putting a remarkably old straw hat, with a hole in the brim, on his head, he and the gray trowsers departed to have another "jolly day" together.

"There he goes," thought the white trowsers, "with that young madcap, who will take him into some shocking scrape or other, and bring him home utterly worn out. I can't account for the likings of some people. What pleasure can there possibly be in digging for clams? Nasty, muddy business, *I* say." Indulging in this comfortable conviction of elevated taste, our duck friend dozed off into a long nap, which was broken at last by a great bustle outside the closet in the hall. And there was to be seen indistinctly through the half-open closet door some men passing slowly by, seeming to carry a burden among them. Women followed, and what seemed the very ghost of Tom's voice said:

"Don't be troubled, dear mamma. I shall be all right." And then his mamma cried,

"Give me the camphor! He has fainted again!"

After a few moments the men went through the hall again, and down stairs, walking on the tips of their great rough boots. Then Kate came past carrying a blanket close in her arms, and Mary, the tears running down her face, followed, with an earthenware foot-warmer wrapped in her apron. Then came a sound of gentle moving about in Tom's room, and Tom's mamma said,

"Don't speak, dear boy. You must not talk."

After what seemed a very long while to the duck trowsers, whose every fibre was cracking with curiosity, the sound of a carriage, rapidly driven up to the house, was audible, and in a few moments loudly creaking boots ascended the stairway, and a stout, rosy-faced man passed the closet door.

"Oh, doctor, I am so glad you have come!" said Tom's mamma.

"So my young friend has been trying to see what drowning is like," said the doctor, in a rich, cheery voice.

The duck trowsers could distinguish nothing more until the doctor evidently rose to go, saying:

"There is nothing the matter with him, my dear madam, but exhaustion. Give him the prescription every hour, continue the brandy-and-water at intervals, let him take a bowl of strong broth with an egg in it for supper, and a good night's rest will put him straight by to-morrow. But he must be prudent for a few days; not do this sort of thing right over again, you know. I'll stop in some time in the course of the day to-morrow. Good-morning."

"Ho-ho!" thought the duck trowsers; "it's plain to see that Master Tom has been out in a boat, and has upset it with his reckless sailing, and nearly got himself drowned. I wonder if I shall ever see my poor friend of gray cloth again?"

Toward evening Kate opened the closet door and hung up the gray trowsers in their place again. They seemed rather damp, and looked very limp and wretched.

"Dear me," said the white trowsers, "I am so delighted you have come! From the state in which Master Tom came home, I was beginning to fear I should never see you again."

"Do you know how he is? Pray tell me quickly, for I am very anxious about him," replied the gray.

"Oh, he'll do well enough. I heard the doctor say he'd be all right; and he ought, with such coddling. The house turned upside down, and his mother and all the women at their wits' end with fright, running about with hot blankets and foot-warmers, bottles of brandy and camphor, and every thing else they could lay their hands on. I'd shut him up for a week on bread and water."

"What for?" asked the gray trowsers.

"Why, didn't he go out in a boat, carry too much sail, and capsize?" answered the duck.

"And where did you get that precious piece of information from?" said the gray.

"Why, I—I—well, I naturally supposed it," said the duck. "What did they mean by their talk about drowning, and were—"

"Exactly," broke in the gray; "you'll find yourself in difficulties some day, friend duck, if you jump at conclusions at that rate. Tom was nearly drowned, I confess, but it was in swimming out from shore to save a little boy's life."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the duck trowsers. "That is altogether another thing, and I beg Tom's and your pardon. But tell me all about it. That is, if you are not too tired."

"No, I'm not too tired," said the gray trowsers; "for I have not done much to-day. Well, to begin at the beginning, you know we went off this morning to dig for clams. Tom took a tin pail and a spading fork, and we went down on the shore, about half a mile below the house, where Tom began to dig, and soon got his hands in a frightful condition with black mud. Just beyond where we stood there was a very clean, smooth strip of beach sloping down gradually to deep water. The little waves came rippling invitingly up, and Tom, sticking the fork in the ground, rested his hands on his knees, leaving their impress in black mud on my already sufficiently begrimed surface, and looked over the water.

"'Gracious!' said he; 'it's hot enough to broil a fellow! I'll go in for a swim.' And in a few minutes I was lying on top of his other clothing, and he was in the water, his head seeming to float about by itself, except when a white shoulder or leg flashed out in the sunlight for a

moment as he turned. He kept close inshore, for he had promised his mother he would never go beyond his depth when alone.

"The sound of a child's crying now came over the water, and on looking off I saw a small skiff drifting down with the tide. A little boy ran up and down the boat screaming with fright. There were no oars, and he was too small to use them if there had been any, and I expected every instant to see him fall over into the water. Suddenly a woman came in sight running down the shore, shrieking and gesticulating, her hair and petticoats flying behind her. I looked again at the little boat. The rollers from a great ocean steamer that had just passed up the bay had reached the tiny shell, and were rocking it violently from side to side; and in another instant the poor baby toppled over into the water, and the boat was drifting on empty.

"Tom evidently had seen all this as soon or sooner than I, for he was already more than half-way to where the child went down. The mother stopped near me, wringing her hands, but silent now, for she saw that Tom would save her boy if it were possible. In a few moments Tom, who had made for a spot below where the child fell in, dove under the surface, and came up holding the little fellow by the hair. He managed to change his grasp, in some dextrous way or other, so as to hold him above water, and turning, swam for shore. Now a boat, rowed by two men, rapidly rounded the little headland just below our house.

"They gave a shout when they saw my brave Tom and his burden, but did not reach him till just as he staggered up the beach to the woman, who knelt half in the water, holding out her arms for the child, and fell beside her. She caught up her child and ran to the nearest shanty, of which there are several on the shore. The men, leaping out of the boat, lifted up Tom and followed her. I heard him say as they passed me, 'Take me right home—mamma!' By this time all the women and children were out of their houses and gathered around, and I could not see what was done.

"After a while one of the women found me and the rest of Tom's clothes, and sent us home by a half-grown girl. Until I saw you I was in ignorance of how it had fared with my dear Tom, and I am most happy to know he will be none the worse for his exertion."

"But has any thing been heard of the youngster he saved?" asked the duck trowsers.

"Oh yes; Tom's mother sent the gardener down to Pat O'Grady's—his father's shanty—to inquire about him, while I was lying in a heap in the kitchen hall. He returned before I was taken away, saying:

"'The bairn was no the warse for his duckin', but makin' a braw meal o' breed and treacle. And his mither was muckle obleeged to the leddy for sendin'.'"

The two pairs of trowsers now became aware of sounds in Tom's room, which had been very quiet for some time. Tom's mother said:

"You have had a nice long nap, dear boy. Shall we have some broth now?"

"Why, yes," said Tom. "Can't I get up? I'm sure I feel well enough."

"No, dear, keep still for to-day, that you may rise like a lion to-morrow," replied his mother.

"Seeking what I may devour?" laughed Tom.

His mamma kissed him, laughing too, and crossed the room and rang the bell.

In a few minutes up came Kate, a tray in her hands, covered with a white napkin, on which were nicely arranged a bowl of broth and a toast-rack, having in it two crisp slices of toast. Mary followed, carrying a small pitcher of ice-water and a goblet, and the cook brought up the rear to ask how Master Tom felt himself this evening, when Tom shouted:

"I'm all right, Rose. Be sure and have soft waffles for breakfast to-morrow." At which she went down stairs highly pleased.

Tom dispatched his broth with great satisfaction, despite a slight grumble about "keeping a fellow on slops." And Kate, closing the closet door tight, as she passed through the hall, the trowsers, thus shut in, had nothing to do but resign themselves to sleep for the night.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE great railroad king of South America, Mr. HENRY MEIGGS, formerly of San Francisco, who is so well and favorably known for the energy with which he has built railroads in Peru, has lately made a contract with the government of Costa Rica for the construction of a railroad from Limon Bay across to the Gulf of Nicoya. A railroad of this character has been in contemplation for several years past, and different parties have successively undertaken it, but without doing so much as breaking ground. Its being now in the hands of Mr. MEIGGS is a guarantee that it will not only be commenced, but completed in the shortest possible time, especially as his contracts with the government are extremely favorable. The price of the road from the Atlantic coast at Limon to San José, the capital of the country, is to be seven million two hundred thousand dollars, to be paid at stated intervals as the work progresses. Mr. MEIGGS can introduce his own laborers, and all his employés will be exempt from military service, except in case of foreign war. He can also introduce gold and silver and all supplies free of duty or tax of any kind. A bank is to be established in connection with the road to facilitate its financial transactions, the government placing at the disposal of Mr. MEIGGS $300,000, to be increased monthly until the entire capital of the bank is raised to $1,500,000.

A valuable paper by Dr. ASCHERSON has recently appeared in PETERMANN'S *Mittheilungen* upon the geographical distribution of what he calls the sea-grasses, or the phanerogamous sea-plants, as distinct from the sea-mosses, or algæ. From this essay we learn that on the Atlantic coast of the United States we have of this group only the *Zostera marina*, or the well-known eel-grass, which is found so abundantly in shallow bays and elsewhere, and which, while a great impediment to boating, serves as the harbor and home of our young fish and marine invertebrates. Some other genera and species occur on the western coast of North America, and others again in the West Indies.

Considerable interest has been excited in California by the announcement of the existence of what was supposed to be a stranded ship in the great Colorado desert, many miles from navigable water, and much speculation has been exercised in regard to its origin. No one had actually visited the locality, and it had only been seen from a distance, and under circumstances which precluded the possibility of a nearer approach. At a late meeting of the California Academy of Science Mr. HAWKS presented a communication stating that he had ascertained that this was not a ship, and that he would soon give a more full description of its true nature.

At a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences of San Francisco Professor GEORGE DAVIDSON, of the United States Coast Survey, presented a paper upon the coast terraces between San Francisco and San Diego. These embrace four principal elevations of from 20 to 150 feet each, some running back as far as six miles from the present beach. These he found were arrested at San Pedro, thence declining rapidly to San Diego, and but slightly to San Francisco. On some parts the curious small mounds seen near Puget Sound, to which different causes have been assigned (among others, ancient gopher or prairie-dog hillocks, or fish-spawning beds), were well developed along the whole coast.

Late advices from Captain HALL'S expedition on the *Polaris* state that the party reached Newfoundland in good condition, and was received with the utmost attention by the authorities. In consequence of some dissatisfaction on the part of Captain BUDDINGTON, the sailing and ice-master of the expedition, with the organization and instructions of the Navy Department he has resigned, and will probably be replaced at Disco by Captain RICHARD TYSON. The United States frigate *Congress* has left New York with additional supplies of provisions, coal, etc., for the *Polaris*, and will proceed by the most direct route to the dépôt agreed upon in Greenland. A number of persons accompany this vessel, among them Mr. BRYAN, the astronomer of the expedition, and several gentlemen who will return in the *Congress*.

A maritime exposition has lately taken place at Naples, which was well attended by delegates from different nations; and many subjects of general importance were considered during the session. The principal topics discussed were: first, those relating to international maritime law; second, international commerce; third, mercantile marine; and fourth, fisheries, international and along shore. Under the latter head the following topics were suggested for present and further consideration:

1. Can the sea, or certain sections of its shore, positively lose in regard to the number of its diverse inhabitants on account of particular methods of fishing? What are the proofs of any asserted diminution? and might these signify any other result than real numerical diminution? If there be actual diminution, what measures should be taken—local, general, or international—to prevent such injury, and, on the contrary, to increase the production of marine creatures?

2. How can a series of observations be organized which will tend to establish the fecundity of one or more species of fish, the number of individuals which reach maturity, and the laws of individual growth, together with the seasons and localities most opportune for fishing?

3. How can there be instituted in the Mediterranean—in addition to the ordinary hydrographic researches—investigations in regard to the temperature, the saline saturation of the water, the flora and fauna of its different beds, and the character of the bottom at all depths, from the profoundest to the shallowest, following its coasts and its depending basins and bays?

4. Is it necessary to provide for deep-sea fishing by an international code?

Late advices from Dr. HAYDEN'S party were dated July 13, at Fort Ellis, Montana, and announced the preparations as being made for moving into the remarkable region about the head of the Yellow Stone. A permanent camp was to be made on the Yellow Stone about fifty miles from Fort Ellis and nearly a hundred miles from the lake, so that communication and supplies can be maintained without impediment. In addition to the civilians of the party, of whom mention has already been made, there is an escort of one company of the Second Cavalry. Colonel BEVERLY, chief engineer of General SHERIDAN'S staff, and Captain HEAP, chief engineer of General HANCOCK'S staff, with their assistants, accompany Dr. HAYDEN, for the purpose of making military surveys.

For some time past movements have been on foot looking toward a co-operation on the part of the Dominion of Canada in the storm signal observations of the United States, thus rendering them beneficial to both countries; and on the 15th of July telegraphic connection was established. Telegraphic reports and communications will be made from a number of stations in the Province of Quebec, and published from Washington with the regular series, the observations from the United States being telegraphed back in return. Dr. SMALLWOOD, the well-known meteorologist of Montreal, is in charge of a central office in that city, where the local reports are to be concentrated, and whence they are to be communicated to Washington, and to whom the returns are to be transmitted.

Among current works likely to constitute a new era in the history of American meteorology may be mentioned a paper by Mr. C. A. SCHOTT, of the Coast Survey, upon the rain-fall in the United States, as prepared and published under the direction of the Smithsonian Institution. These embrace observations for many years past, and constitute, in a measure, the culmination of the long and patient labors in this direction as instituted by Professor HENRY, and carried out to their conclusion. The matter as given in this paper embraces a series of tables of the daily, monthly, quarterly, and annual rain-fall at numerous stations in North America, with critical discussions of the scientific questions involved, and is accompanied by three maps, prepared with great care, exhibiting the rain-fall for the winter, the summer, and the year. Numerous important generalizations are discussed in this memoir, to which we refer our readers for details.

A paper upon the winds of the northern hemisphere, by Professor COFFIN, was published some years ago by the Institution, but a new and entirely revised one is in an advanced stage of preparation. The discussions and generalizations with reference to temperature, barometric pressure, etc., will follow in due succession.

In a late article we announced the intention of the Swedish government to establish a colony in Spitzbergen for permanent scientific observation, and we regret now to learn that the enterprise has been abandoned, mainly, it is said, in consequence of jealousies on the part of the Russian government.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WHAT a multitude of people there are "who, having eyes, see not" the beauties of Nature! They walk through this lovely earth blindfolded. These blinded individuals do not by any means confine themselves to one locality; they do not immure themselves within four brick walls, or even within city limits. They travel far and wide. Inquire of them: they have visited all prominent places of interest; but having assured you that Niagara is "very fine," Mount Washington "very sightly," and Lake George "very pretty," they have given you all the ideas they have on the subjects. They travel because it is the fashion, and visit the most beautiful spots on God's earth with much the same spirit as that manifested by a certain gentleman who, after having walked through one of the most magnificent cathedrals of Europe without giving scarcely a glance at fresco or painting, exclaimed, "There! we've done *that*. What next?" We remember, when sailing on Lake Winnipiseogee—one of the most charming sheets of water in the world—that we felt a half-indignant pity for men and women, evidently "sight-seers" (?), who scarcely turned their eyes from newspapers and novels to that fair page of Nature's book, or ceased chatting of business and fashion long enough to utter an appreciative comment upon the ever-varying view. They had never educated their eyes, or were lamentably lacking in love for the beautiful. It matters little whether one is in some far-famed romantic locality or in a quiet country nook; there is beauty every where—in leaf and bud and flower; in insect, bird, and butterfly; in waving grain and ripening fruit; in field and forest; in the babbling brook and the rough mountain-side; in the glorious, golden sunset hues and the gloomy, gathering storm-clouds: we only need to open our eyes to see that the Creator's seal of beauty is set to all his works.

It has been suggested that it would not only be gratifying to the traveling public, but also contribute to their comfort and safety, if on every passenger boat a steam and water gauge should be exhibited in some prominent place for general inspection. If, also, a memorandum of the maximum pressure the boiler was allowed to carry should be placed beside the gauge, people would experience a sense of security which recent disasters have made impossible under present arrangements, and engineers would be prevented from overstraining the boiler by excessive pressure.

Notwithstanding the abundance of luscious fruit displayed in Fulton Market, it is not appetizing to make a tour through it. Passing strange is it that the proper city officials, and each and every individual doing business in the city, can not realize the comfort and importance of perfect cleanliness, especially in warm weather. Decaying fruit impregnates the air with noxious odors, inviting cholera, yellow fever, and all manner of pestilential diseases to come and abide in the vicinity.

When the Garden of the Tuileries was re-opened to the public the people found most of the statues defaced or wholly destroyed. The colossal figure of Peace, by Chaudet, was burned by petroleum; the statue of Agrippina had lost her head and her right arm; Cybele pointed with the stump of her left arm to the missing skirt in which her missing right arm once held sundry fruits of the earth, now missing likewise; Pradier's Prometheus was but little injured, while the Serpent-Charmer, dedicated by Clesinger to the Prince Imperial, belonging to the Jardin Réservé, was found literally riddled with shot, hacked with bayonets, and otherwise mutilated in the most disgraceful manner.

The romantic scenery of the Highlands is evidently inspiring to poetic minds. On the cover of a Bible belonging in the saloon of a Hudson River steamer were found written the following lines:

"This holy book neglected lies,
No soul with it communes;
While scores of souls sit round about
With *Heralds* and *Tribunes*."

The Parisian youth sell teeth of the dead Communists as curiosities. Twenty-four sets of Dombrowski's have already been disposed of, and there was a brisk trade in Cluseret's until it was found that he was not dead.

A Chinese of some distinction living at North Adams, Massachusetts, has created great excitement among his fellows by cutting off his queue. This is a novelty among the Celestials; and whether one person will be strong enough to set the fashion remains to be seen.

An English clergyman has been studying the relative characters of men and women. By a calculation of his own—whether mathematical or otherwise does not appear—he has arrived at the conclusion that there will be twelve women to one man who will enter heaven!

How very fortunate that of the sixty-nine young ladies who have fainted away in Atlanta during the summer, fifty-seven fell into the arms of gentlemen, and only eleven fell on the floor, and one into a water-bucket! But it is evident that at least a dozen gentlemen should immediately go to Atlanta.

Nahant, one of the pleasantest sea-side villages on the New England coast, is about nine miles from Boston by water, and twelve by land. It is connected with the main-land by an isthmus known as Lynn Beach, which is a smooth sandy strip two miles in length. Twenty years ago Nahant was an unsettled locality; now it is studded with elegant residences, the homes chiefly of Boston merchants. It was mainly through the influence of one gentleman that attention was turned to Nahant as a summer residence. He erected an elegant building there years ago, and devoted time and money to improving the locality.

A correspondent in Paris writes to a Boston paper:

"The marriages are getting up to 500 a week; the deaths are only 640. There would be more weddings only for the Communists, who burned all the baptismal registers, which necessitates candidates for matrimony to adopt a roundabout legal process to substantiate their age."

The Tichborne claimant is amusing himself during the interval of rest from court sessions by attending shooting matches. His impending fate, whether for poverty or riches, does not appear to trouble him in the least.

The Humane Society of London has issued the following advice to bathers:

"Avoid bathing within two hours after a meal, or when exhausted from any cause. Avoid bathing when the body is cooling after perspiration, but bathe when the body is warm, provided no time is lost in getting into the water. Avoid chilling the body after having been in the water. Avoid remaining too long in the water; leave the water immediately if there is the slightest feeling of chilliness. Avoid bathing altogether in the open air if, after having been a short time in the water, there is a sense of chilliness, with numbness of the hands and feet. The vigorous and strong may bathe early in the morning on an empty stomach; the young and weak had better bathe three hours after a meal, after breakfast being the best time. Those subject to attacks of giddiness and faintness, and those who suffer from palpitation and other disease of the heart, should not bathe without first consulting their medical adviser."

It has been suggested that the new flag of France be a red eagle on a white flag; and that the eagle be impressed upon all pieces of money.

Ah! what a sad affair was that when Ah Sing, Ah Hay, Ah Eat, Ah Youey, Ah Tuck, Ah Yonck, Ah Kney, and Ah King, cigar manufacturers, of San Francisco, were all fined and imprisoned for violating the revenue laws!

A couple of boys about twelve or fourteen years old recently placed some obstructions on the track of the Erie Railroad, for the sake of seeing "how far the locomotive would jump." Fortunately a freight train preceded the passenger train, and the obstruction was discovered in season to prevent another fearful accident. A young girl in New Haven has been charged with attempting to burn a carriage factory and a dwelling-house, merely from "a desire to see the buildings burn." Youths who incline to pastimes of this nature need some special training.

During the month of June more than 338,000 letters, misdirected or otherwise not deliverable, were received at the Dead Letter Office in Washington. In July the number was 337,421, of which 28,092 were held for postage. These figures indicate the carelessness and negligence of American letter-writers.

Five persons have been swept over the Falls of Niagara during the present season. Three of these were intoxicated, and in spite of remonstrances rushed into danger. It is supposed the other two lost an oar, or met with some mishap, which left them at the mercy of the current.

Carbolic acid is said to be an excellent preventive against flies and mosquitoes. A few drops sprinkled on a table-cloth will prevent flies from lighting upon it, and it is believed that mosquitoes will not venture into a house in which there is a bottle of this fluid. Nevertheless there are some objections to carbolic acid, and the Board of Health is trying to find some new disinfectant as a substitute for it. In truth, its poisonous and destructive qualities are such that it should be used only by experienced persons. It has caused death, and, when used on furniture, invariably injures it. Yet there are many ways in which carbolic acid may be used to great advantage in addition to its being a direct disinfectant. In manufactories where large quantities of glue or paste are used it often becomes sour and offensive. If a few drops of carbolic acid are added when the paste or glue is made, this difficulty will be prevented. If it is mixed with the whitewash used on the walls of cellar or dairy, it will prevent the disagreeable taints often perceived in meats and milk kept in a damp room. If added to the paste used for wall-paper, and to the whitewash, it will drive away cockroaches and other insects.

Long ago we were informed that the monkeys had held an indignation meeting concerning the disgrace which had been cast upon them "of peopling all creation with the apostate race" of man. But a Hartford poetess has given such a graphic report of it that we are tempted to make from the speeches a few brief extracts, which will indicate the general tone of feeling prevailing in the assembly. One orator, in addressing his "injured fellow-monkeys," inquires, pointedly,

"Did you ever catch a monkey
Coloring his hair?
Do we stick stove-pipes on our heads,
Tight boots and chokers wear?
Do we buy tickets to a show,
The elephant to see,
And strut about and make remarks
On better folks than we?
Drink fusil oil and strychnine,
A vile weed chew and snuff?
Slander our neighbors, sell our votes,
Or ballot-boxes stuff?
Do monkeys 'go on benders,'
Or sue for a divorce?
Did you ever meet a monkey
Forever talking 'horse?'
Do monkeys run for Congress,
Or to a lawyer go,
Eat pork, or cheat the printer?
(Cheering, and cries of *No.*)"

Another, with inspired eloquence, exclaims:

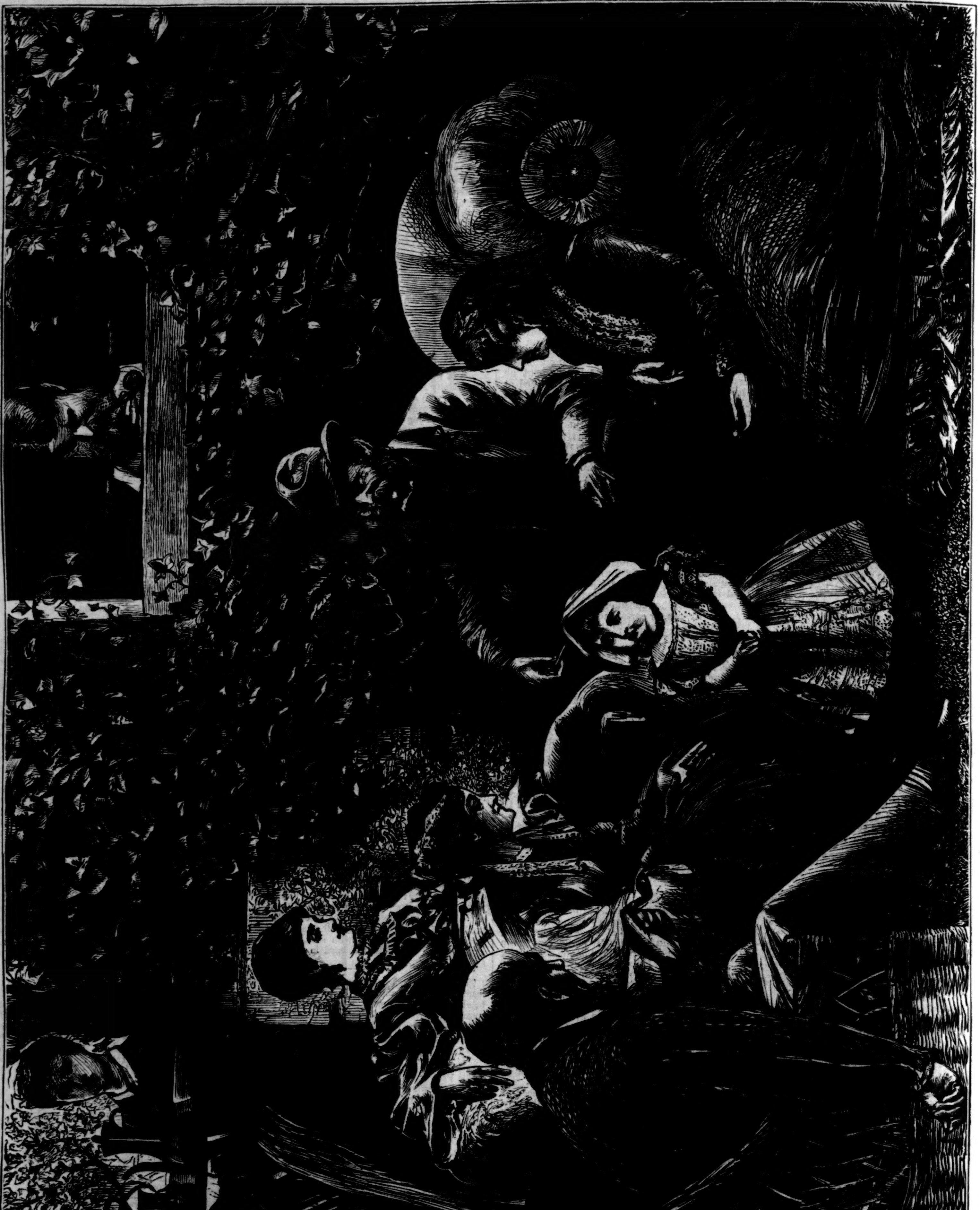
"Breathes there an ape with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
I am a monkey bred and born?
Whose soul would fail to burn with ire,
His veins run wild with liquid fire,
At insult on his birthright thrown?"

And after expressing his opinion of the man who makes his boast of monkey blood mixed with his own, he concludes with,

"Ah! could we the bold miscreant chase
Back to our ancient dwelling-place,
Swift retribution would we plan:
From a tall tree we'd drop him down,
And every monkey, looking on,
Should study 'The Descent of Man.'"

THE RIVALS.

THE rival grandpas and grandmas is a picture which tells its own story. There is papa enjoying his pipe, and looking down with paternal pride upon his sturdy offspring. There is mamma, handsome, but rather self-satisfied and scornful, accepting the fond worship of the quartette of old folks as a matter of course. As for the four old people, they are doing that which we suppose grandfathers and grandmothers have done from time immemorial—namely, petting and spoiling the little girl as much as they can. Grandparents have no sense of responsibility, and they are apt to feel a semi-malicious pleasure in seeing the children who, years ago, gave them so much trouble victimized in their turn. But if a grandfather is too indulgent, what a spoiler must a great-grandfather or a great-grandmother be! No wonder the antediluvian world behaved badly, and came to grief in the end, for the patriarchs of those days lived long enough to pet descendants to the sixth and seventh generation.



THE RIVAL GRANDPAS AND GRANDMAS.

WEDDING-RINGS.

THE fourth finger of the left hand has, time out of mind, been the one which maidens are wont "to dedicate, to consecrate with tears," to the wedding-ring. This usage obtained from an ancient idea, and a very pretty idea it was, that this finger possessed a peculiar virtue, a nerve extending from its tip direct to the heart. The corresponding finger on the right hand was sacred to the *gimmal*-ring—a name which has now lost its significance, but which was originally given to the betrothal or "engaged" ring, from the custom of having it made in three links, which turned upon a pivot, and when shut up formed one solid ring, the common design being two hands clasped over a heart. These three rings were broken asunder at the betrothal, which commonly took place in the presence of a witness, who retained the central one, each of the two lovers keeping one of the outer rings. When the marriage was celebrated the three were joined again, and the *gimmal*-ring was transferred to the wedding-finger, and Sir Roger de Roches led home the Lady Rohesia, and the draw-bridge was thrown down, and for a month after "the baron's retainers were blithe and gay," and Sir Roger and his lady spent their "honey-moon" at home, joining in or giving their presence to the boisterous revelry and unpolished sports, and receiving an ovation, perhaps willingly given, perhaps not, from the whole country-side; and at the end of that time a thick curtain of domestic privacy was always drawn over their married life.

Nowadays the order of events is changed. The *gimmal*-ring is no longer made to do double duty: if it is transferred to the wedding-finger at all, it is as a guard to the simple golden hoop which the Cupid of this age has adopted as his own. Nowadays, instead of taking his bride

PLACES ASSOCIATED WITH THE LIFE AND WORKS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

home, and calling his friends about him to spend the first sweet month of married life in routs and revels and unquiet excitement, our swain hurries off to some still retreat, where the happy couple, so far from taking the novelty of the situation by storm, dream it off, at a distance from the world, and, each in the other wrapped, are content to await till its own time the awakening to the realities of life, which must come sooner or later to every pair of— Supply the word which suits your own fancy best, O courteous reader!

WALTER SCOTT MEMORIALS.

The Scott centenary was celebrated with great *éclat* both in the Old World and in the New, where his readers and admirers are, perhaps, even more numerous than on the other side of the water. As every thing is of interest that has ever been even remotely connected with him, we give this week a page of engravings, attractively grouped, of places associated with the life and works of the great "Wizard of the North." There are several interior views of the house at Abbotsford, with some minor features of the building; the old door removed thither from the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, when that famous prison was demolished in 1817; the window of his bedroom; and the entrance gate-way. His town house, No. 39 Castle Street, Edinburgh, is also represented. Holyrood Palace and Stirling Castle, whose historic associations were improved by his genius, appear on the same page. It contains, too, a view of the Scott Monument in the market-place of Selkirk, which is not far from Melrose and Abbotsford.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.

In legend—one which was born of sad truth, and has passed into Italian opera—there is no maiden more famous than the Bride of Lammermoor. In melancholy prose the lady was the Honorable Janet Dalrymple, daughter of the first Lord Stair. She and young Lord Rutherford had plighted their troth, had broken a silver coin between them, and had invoked malediction on whichever of the two should be false

to the compact. The parents of Lady Janet insisted on her marrying Dunbar of Baldoon. The mother, Lady Stair, was most cruel in forcing her daughter to this match. Janet, broken-hearted and helpless, had an interview with her lover, and sobbed out a text from Numbers, xxx. 2, 3, 4, 5, as an excuse for her obedience to her mother's commands. The lovers parted in sorrow; Rutherford in anger. He had not in him the spirit of young Lochinvar, nor Janet the wit to run away with him herself. The poor thing was, in fact, scared. She was carried to church to be wed, in a semi-crazed and more than half-dead state. At night a hurricane of shrieks came from the bridal chamber, where the bridegroom was found on the ground, profusely bleeding from a stab, and the bride sat near him in her night-gear, bidding them "Take up your bonny bridegroom!" She died insane in less than three weeks. Dunbar of Baldoon recovered, but he was never known to open his lips on the causes which led to the catastrophe. Baldoon evidently took things as they came. After his death, some thirteen years later, in 1682, Andrew Simpson wrote an elegy upon him, in which the romantic adventurer upon marriage with another man's love was described as a respectable country gentleman who had introduced many improvements into agriculture! Lord Rutherford, the lover, died childless in 1685. As Dunbar would never suffer the catastrophe to be alluded to, good-natured people invented a story that Rutherford himself was in the chamber before Baldoon reached it, and had stabbed him as soon as he entered it. There is no shadow of the slightest grain of substance for *this* part of a sufficiently calamitous history.

A FAMOUS SOLDIER.

CONCERNING General Baron Von Hartmann, commander of the Second Bavarian Army Corps, which came up at Orleans just in time to replace the exhausted forces of Von der Tann, the *Niederheinische Courier* recounts an extraordinary story. Von Hartmann is not only the son of a poor peasant of the Palatinate, whose courage and ability have thus raised him to the first military rank, but there is something in his career more interesting still. It is that the old warrior of the Fatherland was in his youth during ten years a soldier in the French army. Carried away by the enthusiasm which the great Emperor excited in the breasts of so many young men, he had entered at sixteen the army of Napoleon I. as a volunteer; and it was actually at that Orleans where he has turned the scale of doubtful battle against Chanzy and De Paladine that he received the Cross of the Legion of Honor for his distinguished bravery as a French soldier. Baron Von Hartmann has lately received the Iron Cross of the First Class from the new German Emperor. Perhaps there were never stranger fortunes than those which have successively won, almost at the two ends of the century, the military orders of the conquerors of Jena and of the conquerors of Sedan.

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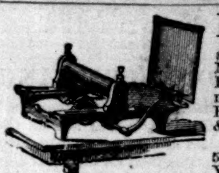

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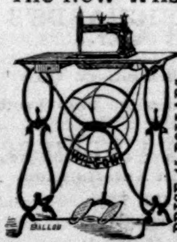

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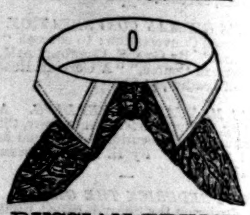

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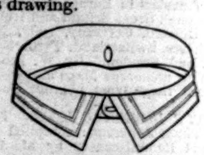

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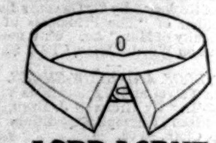

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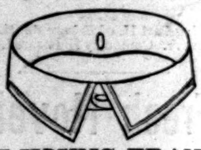

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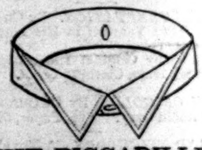

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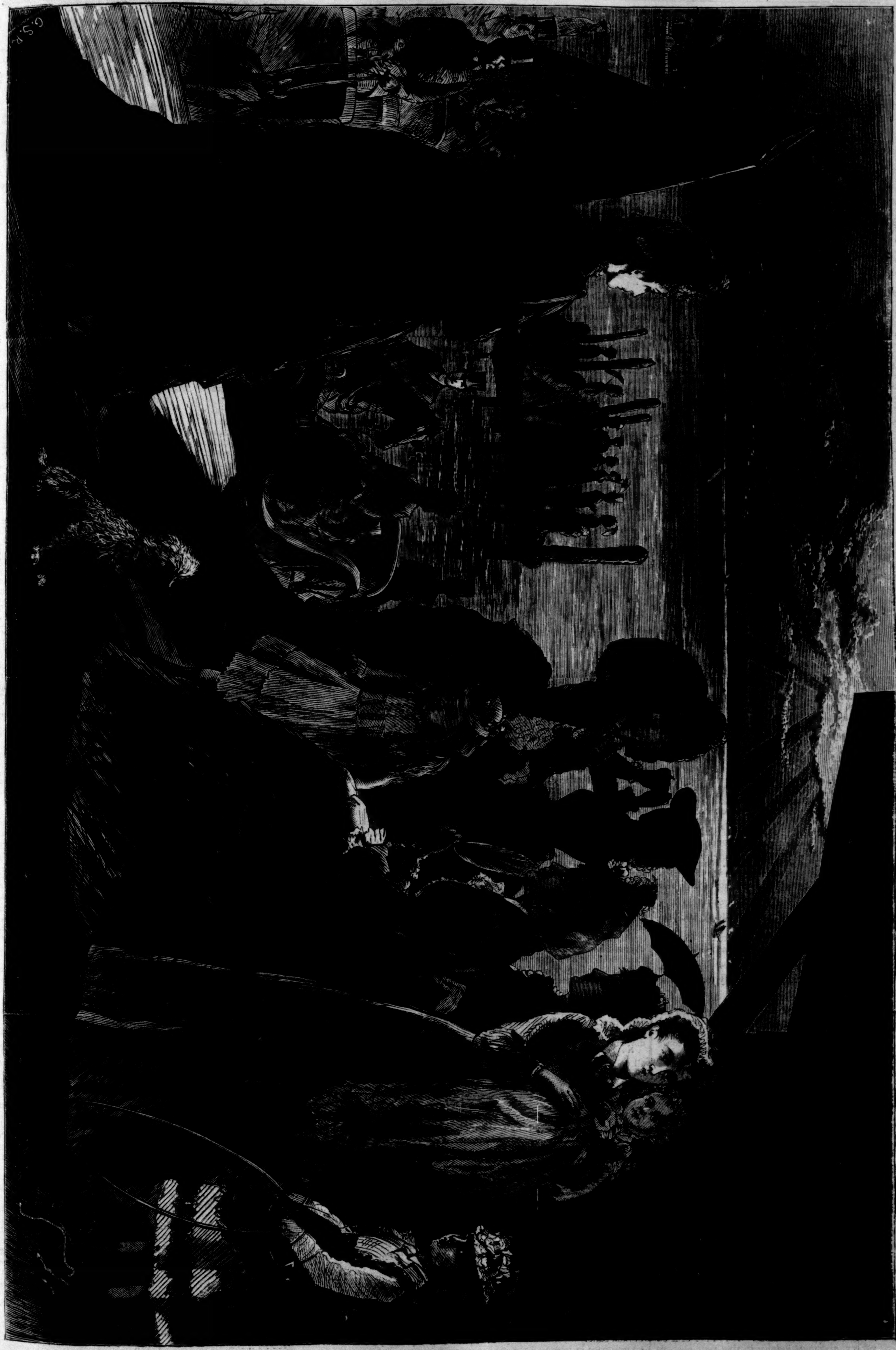


AT THE SEA-SIDE LANDING—WAITING FOR THE EVENING BOAT FROM THE CITY.—[DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.]

DAWN.

'Tis scarcely four by the village clock—
The dew is heavy, the air is cool;
A mist goes up from the glassy pool;
Through the dim field ranges a phantom flock;
No sound is heard but the magpie's mock.

Very low is the sun in the sky;
It needeth no eagle now to regard him.
Is there not one lark left to reward him
With the shivering joy of his long sweet cry?
For his face shines sadly, I know not why.

Through the ivied ruins of yonder elm
There glides and gazes a sadder face—
Spectre queen of a vanished race.
'Tis the full moon shrunk to a fleeting film,
And she lingers for love of her ancient realm.

These are but idle fancies, I know,
Framed to solace a secret grief.
Look again, scorning such false relief—
Dwarf not nature to match thy woe.
Look again—whence do these fancies flow?

What is the moon but a lamp of fire
That God shall relume in his season? The sun
Like a giant rejoices his race to run
With flaming feet that never tire
On the azure path of the starry choir.

The lark has sung ere I left my bed,
And hark! far aloft from these ladders of light
Many songs, not one only, the morn delight;
Then, Sad Heart, dream not that Nature is dead,
But seek from her strength and comfort instead.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ON A VISIT AT KILGOBBIN.

BEFORE Kearney had risen from his bed the next morning Donogan was in his room, his look elated, and his cheek glowing with recent exercise. "I have had a burst of two hours' sharp walking over the bog," cried he; "and it has put me in such spirits as I have not known for many a year. Do you know, Mr. Kearney, that what with the fantastic effects of the morning mists, as they lift themselves over these vast wastes, the glorious patches of blue heather and purple anemone that the sun displays through the fog, and, better than all, the springiness of a soil that sends a thrill to the heart, like a throb of youth itself, there is no walking in the world can compare with a bog at sunrise! There's a sentiment to open a paper on nationalities! I came up with the postboy, and took his letters, to save him a couple of miles. Here's one for you, I think from Atlee; and this is also to your address, from Dublin; and here's the last number of the *Pike;* and you'll see they have lost no time. There's a few lines about you. 'Our readers will be grateful to us for the tidings we announce to-day, with authority—that Richard Kearney, Esq., son of Maurice Kearney, of Kilgobbin Castle, will contest his native county at the approaching election. It will be a proud day for Ireland when she shall see her representation in the names of those who dignify the exalted station they hold in virtue of their birth and blood by claims of admitted talent and recognized ability. Mr. Kearney, junior, has swept the university of its prizes, and the college gate has long seen his name at the head of her prizemen. He contests the seat in the National interest. It is needless to say all our sympathies and hopes and best wishes go with him.'"

Dick shook with laughing while the other read out the paragraph in a high-sounding and pretentious tone.

"I hope," said Kearney at last, "that the information as to my college successes is not vouched for on authority."

"Who cares a fig about them? The phrase rounds off a sentence, and nobody treats it like an affidavit."

"But some one may take the trouble to remind the readers that my victories have been defeats, and that in my last examination but one I got 'cautioned.'"

"Do you imagine, Mr. Kearney, the House of Commons in any way reflects college distinction? Do you look for senior wranglers and double-firsts on the Treasury bench? and are not the men who carry away distinction the men of breadth, not depth? Is it not the wide acquaintance with a large field of knowledge, and the subtle power to know how other men regard these topics, that make the popular leader of the present day? And remember, it is talk, and not oratory, is the mode. You must be commonplace, and even vulgar, practical, dashed with a small morality, so as not to be classed with the low Radical; and if then you have a bit of highfalutin for the peroration, you'll do. The morning papers will call you a young man of great promise, and the whip will never pass you without a shake-hands."

"But there are good speakers."

"There is Bright—I don't think I know another—and he only at times. Take my word for it, the secret of success with 'the collective wisdom' is reiteration. Tell them the same thing, not once or twice, or even ten, but fifty times, and don't vary very much even the way you tell it. Go on repeating your platitudes, and by the time you find you are cursing your own stupid persistence, you may swear you have made a convert to your opinions. If you are bent on variety, and must indulge it, ring your changes on the man who brought these views before them—yourself, but beyond these never soar. O'Connell, who had variety at will for his own countrymen, never tried it in England: he knew better. The chawbacons that we sneer at are not always in smock-frocks, take my word for it; they many of them wear wide-brimmed hats and broadcloth, and sit above the gangway. Ay, Sir," cried he, warming with the theme: "once I can get my countrymen fully awakened to the fact of who and what are the men who rule them, I'll ask for no Catholic Associations, or Repeal Committees, or Nationalist Clubs; the card-house of British supremacy will tumble of itself; there will be no conflict, but simply submission."

"We're a long day's journey from these convictions, I suspect," said Kearney, doubtfully.

"Not so far, perhaps, as you think. Do you remark how little the English press deal in abuse of us to what was once their custom? They have not, I admit, come down to civility; but they don't deride us in the old fashion, nor tell us, as I once saw, that we are intellectually and physically stamped with inferiority. If it was true, Mr. Kearney, it was stupid to tell it to us."

"I think we could do better than dwell upon these things."

"I deny that: deny it *in toto.* The moment you forget, in your dealings with the Englishman, the cheap estimate he entertains, not alone of your brains and your skill, but of your resolution, your persistence, your strong will—ay, your very integrity—that moment, I say, places him in a position to treat you as something below him. Bear in mind, however, how he is striving to regard you, and it's your own fault if you're not his equal, and something more perhaps. There was a man more than the master of them all, and his name was Edmund Burke; and how did they treat *him?* How insolently did they behave to O'Connell in the House till he put his heel on them! Were they generous to Sheil? Were they just to Plunkett? No, no. The element that they decry in our people they know they have not got, and they'd like to crush the race, when they can not extinguish the quality."

Donogan had so excited himself now that he walked up and down the room, his voice ringing with emotion, and his arms wildly tossing in all the extravagance of passion. "This is from Joe Atlee," said Kearney, as he tore open the envelope:

"'DEAR DICK,—I can not account for the madness that seems to have seized you, except that Dan Donogan, the most rabid dog I know, has bitten you. If so for Heaven's sake have the piece cut out at once, and use the strongest cautery of common-sense, if you know of any one who has a little to spare. I only remembered yesterday that I ought to have told you I had sheltered Dan in our rooms, but I can already detect that you have made his acquaintance. He is not a bad fellow. He is sincere in his opinions, and incorruptible, if that be the name for a man who, if bought to-morrow, would not be worth sixpence to his owner.

"'Though I resigned all respect for my own good sense in telling it, I was obliged to let H. E. know the contents of your dispatch, and then, as I saw he had never heard of Kilgobbin or the great Kearney family, I told more lies of your estated property, your county station, your influence generally, and your abilities individually, than the fee-simple of your property, converted into masses, will see me safe through purgatory; and I have consequently baited the trap that has caught myself; for, persuaded by my eloquent advocacy of you all, H. E. has written to Walpole to make certain inquiries concerning you, which if satisfactory, he, Walpole, will put himself in communication with you, as to the extent and the mode to which the government will support you. I think I can see Dan Donogan's fine hand in that part of your note which foreshadows a threat, and hints that the Walpole story would, if published abroad, do enormous damage to the ministry. This, let me assure you, is a fatal error, and a blunder which could only be committed by an outsider in political life. The days are long past since a scandal could smash an administration; and we are so strong now that arson or forgery could not hurt, and I don't think that infanticide would affect us.

"'If you are really bent on this wild exploit, you should see Walpole and confer with him. You don't talk well, but you write worse; so avoid correspondence, and do all your indiscretions verbally. Be angry, if you like, with my candor, but follow my counsel.

"'See him and show him, if you are able, that, all questions of nationality apart, he may count upon your vote; that there are certain impracticable and impossible conceits in politics—like repeal, subdivision of land, restoration of the confiscated estates, and such like—on which Irishmen insist on being free to talk balderdash and air their patriotism; but that, rightfully considered, they are as harmless and mean just as little as a discussion on the Digamma or a debate on perpetual motion. The stupid Tories could never be brought to see this. Like genuine dolts, they would have an army of supporters one-minded with them in every thing. We know better, and hence we buy the Radical vote by a little coquetting with communism, and the model working-man and the rebel by an occasional jail delivery, and the papist by a sop to the Holy Father. Bear in mind, Dick—and it is the grand secret of political life—it takes all sorts of people to make "a party." When you have thoroughly digested this aphorism you are fit to start in the world.

"'If you are not so full of what I am sure you would call your "legitimate ambitions," I'd like to tell you the glorious life we lead in this place. Disraeli talks of "the well-sustained splendor of their stately lives," and it is just the phrase for an existence in which all the appliances to ease and enjoyment are supplied by a sort of magic, that never shows its machinery, nor lets you hear the sound of its working. The saddle-horses know when I want to ride by the same instinct that makes the butler give me the exact wine I wish at my dinner. And so on throughout the day, "the sustained splendor" being an ever-present luxuriousness that I drink in with a thirst that knows no slaking.

"'I have made a hit with H. E., and, from copying some rather muddle-headed dispatches, I am now promoted to writing short skeleton sermons on politics, which, duly filled out and fattened with official nutriment, will one day astonish the Irish Office, and make one of the Nestors of bureaucracy exclaim, "See how Danesbury has got up the Irish question!"

"'I have a charming collaborateur, my lord's niece, who was acting as his private secretary up to the time of my arrival, and whose explanation of a variety of things I found to be so essential that, from being at first in the continual necessity of seeking her out, I have now arrived at a point at which we write in the same room, and pass our mornings in the library till luncheon. She is stunningly handsome, as tall as the Greek cousin, and with a stately grace of manner and a cold dignity of demeanor I'd give my heart's blood to subdue to a mood of womanly tenderness and dependence. Up to this, my position is that of a very humble courtier in presence of a queen, and she takes care that by no momentary forgetfulness shall I lose sight of the "situation."

"'She is engaged, they say, to be married to Walpole; but as I have not heard that he is heir-apparent, or has even the reversion to the crown of Spain, I can not perceive what the contract means.

"'I rode out with her to-day by special invitation, or permission—which was it?—and in the few words that passed between us she asked me if I had long known Mr. Walpole, and put her horse into a canter without waiting for my answer.

"'With H. E. I can talk away freely, and without constraint. I am never very sure that he does not know the things he questions me on better than myself—a practice some of his order rather cultivate; but, on the whole, our intercourse is easy. I know he is not a little puzzled about me, and I intend that he should remain so.

"'When you have seen and spoken with Walpole, write me what has taken place between you; and though I am fully convinced that what you intend is unmitigated folly, I see so many difficulties in the way, such obstacles, and such almost impossibilities to be overcome, that I think Fate will be more merciful to you than your ambitions, and spare you, by an early defeat, from a crushing disappointment.

"'Had you ambitioned to be a governor of a colony, a bishop, or a Queen's messenger—they are the only irresponsible people I can think of—I might have helped you; but this conceit to be a Parliament man is such irredeemable folly, one is powerless to deal with it.

"'At all events, your time is not worth much, nor is your public character of a very grave importance. Give them both, then, freely to the effort, but do not let it cost you money, nor let Donogan persuade you that you are one of those men who can make patriotism self-supporting.

"'H. E. hints at a very confidential mission on which he desires to employ me; and though I should leave this place now with much regret, and a more tender sorrow than I could teach you to comprehend, I shall hold myself at his orders for Japan if he wants me. Meanwhile, write to me what takes place with Walpole, and put your faith firmly in the good-will and efficiency of

"'Yours truly, JOE ATLEE.

"'If you think of taking Donogan down with you to Kilgobbin, I ought to tell you that it would be a mistake. Women invariably dislike him, and he would do you no credit.'"

Dick Kearney, who had begun to read this letter aloud, saw himself constrained to continue, and went on boldly, without stop or hesitation, to the last word.

"I am very grateful to you, Mr. Kearney," said Donogan, "for this mark of trustfulness, and I'm not in the least sore about all Joe has said of me."

"He is not overcomplimentary to myself," said Kearney, and the irritation he felt was not to be concealed.

"There's one passage in his letter," said the other, thoughtfully, "well worth all the stress he lays on it. He tells you never to forget it 'takes all sorts of men to make a party.' Nothing can more painfully prove the fact than that we need Joe Atlee among ourselves! And it is true, Mr. Kearney," said he, sternly, "treason must now, to have any chance at all, be many-handed. We want not only all sorts of men, but in all sorts of places; and at tables where rebel opinions dared not be boldly announced and defended we want people who can coquet with felony, and get men to talk over treason with little if any ceremony. Joe can do this—he can write, and, what is better, sing you a Fenian ballad, and if he sees he has made a mistake, he can quiz himself and his song as cavalierly as he has sung it. And now, on my solemn oath, I say it, I don't know that any thing worse has befallen us than the fact that there are such men as Joe Atlee among us, and that we need them—ay, Sir, we need them!"

"This is brief enough, at any rate," said Kearney, as he broke open the second letter:

"'DUBLIN CASTLE, *Wednesday Evening.*

"'DEAR SIR,—Would you do me the great favor to call on me here at your earliest convenient moment? I am still an invalid, and confined to a sofa, or would ask for permission to meet you at your chambers.

"'Believe me, yours faithfully,

"'CECIL WALPOLE.'"

"That can not be delayed, I suppose?" said Kearney, in the tone of a question.

"Certainly not."

"I'll go up by the night mail. You'll remain where you are, and where I hope you feel you are with a welcome."

"I feel it, Sir—I feel it more than I can say." And his face was blood-red as he spoke.

"There are scores of things you can do while I am away. You'll have to study the county in all its baronies and subdivisions: there my sister can help you; and you'll have to learn the names and places of our great county swells, and mark such as may be likely to assist us. You'll have to stroll about in our own neighborhood, and learn what the people near home say of the intention, and pick up what you can of public opinion in our towns of Moate and Kilbeggan."

"I have bethought me of all that—" He paused here and seemed to hesitate if he should say more; and, after an effort, he went on: "You'll not take amiss what I'm going to say, Mr. Kearney. You'll make full allowance for a man placed as I am. But I want, before you go, to learn from you in what way, or as what, you have presented me to your family. Am I a poor sizar of Trinity, whose hard struggle with poverty has caught your sympathy? Am I a chance acquaintance, whose only claim on you is being known to Joe Atlee? I'm sure I need not ask you have you called me by my real name and given me my real character?"

Kearney flushed up to the eyes, and laying his hand on the other's shoulder—"This is exactly what I have done. I have told my sister that you were the noted Daniel Donogan, United Irishman and rebel."

"But only to your sister?"

"To none other."

"*She'll* not betray me, I know that."

"You are right there, Donogan. Here's how it happened, for it was not intended." And now he related how the name had escaped him.

"So that the cousin knows nothing?"

"Nothing whatever. My sister Kate is not one to make rash confidences, and you may rely on it she has not told her."

"I hope and trust that this mistake will serve you for a lesson, Mr. Kearney, and show you that to keep a secret it is not enough to have an honest intention, but a man must have a watch over his thoughts and a padlock on his tongue. And now to something of more importance. In your meeting with Walpole mind one thing: no modesty, no humility; make your demands boldly, and declare that your price is well worth the paying; let him feel that, as he must make a choice between the priests and the nationalists, that we are the easier of the two to deal with: first of all, we don't press for prompt payment; and secondly, we'll not shock Exeter Hall! Show him that strongly, and tell him that there are clever fellows among us who'll not compromise him or his party, and will never desert him on a close division. Oh, dear me, how I wish I was going in your place!"

"So do I, with all my heart; but there's ten striking, and we shall be late for breakfast."

CHAPTER XXX.

THE MOATE STATION.

THE train by which Miss Betty O'Shea expected her nephew was late in its arrival at Moate, and Peter Gill, who had been sent with the car to fetch him over, was busily discussing his second supper when the passengers arrived.

"Are you Mr. Gorman O'Shea, Sir?" asked Peter of a well-dressed and well-looking man, who had just taken his luggage from the train.

"No; here he is," replied he, pointing to a tall, powerful young fellow, whose tweed suit and billy-cock hat could not completely conceal a soldier-like bearing and a sort of compactness that comes of "drill."

"That's my name. What do you want with me?" cried he, in a loud but pleasant voice.

"Only that Miss Betty has sent me over with the car for your honor, if it's plazing to you to drive across."

"What about this broiled bone, Miller?" asked O'Shea. "I rather think I like the notion better than when you proposed it."

"I suspect you do," said the other; "but we'll have to step over to the 'Blue Goat.' It's only a few yards off, and they'll be ready, for I telegraphed them from town to be prepared as the train came in."

"You seem to know the place well."

"Yes. I may say I know something about it. I canvassed this part of the county once for one of the Idlers, and I secretly determined, if I ever thought of trying for a seat in the House, I'd make the attempt here. They are the most pretentious set of beggars, these small towns-folk, and they'd rather hear themselves talk politics, and give their notions of what they think 'good for Ireland,' than actually pocket bank-notes; and that, my dear friend, is a virtue in a constituency never to be ignored or forgotten. The moment, then, I heard of M——'s retirement, I sent off a confidential emissary down here to get up what is called a requisition, asking me to stand for the county. Here it is, and the answer, in this morning's *Freeman.* You can read it at your leisure. Here we are now at the 'Blue Goat;' and I see they are expecting us."

Not only was there a capital fire in the grate, and the table ready laid for supper, but half a dozen or more of the notabilities of Moate were in waiting to receive the new candidate, and confer with him over the coming contest.

"My companion is the nephew of an old neighbor of yours, gentlemen," said Miller: "Captain Gorman O'Shea, of the Imperial Lancers of Austria. I know you have heard of, if you have not seen him."

A round of very hearty and demonstrative salu-

tations followed, and Gorman was well pleased at the friendly reception accorded him.

Austria was a great country, one of the company observed. They had got liberal institutions and a free press, and they were good Catholics, who would give those heretical Prussians a fine lesson one of these days; and Gorman O'Shea's health, coupled with these sentiments, was drunk with all the honors.

"There's a jolly old face I ought to remember well," said Gorman, as he looked up at the portrait of Lord Kilgobbin over the chimney. "When I entered the service, and came back here on leave, he gave me the first sword I ever wore, and treated me as kindly as if I was his son."

The hearty speech elicited no response from the hearers, who only exchanged significant looks with each other, while Miller, apparently less under restraint, broke in with, "That stupid adventure the English newspaper called 'the gallant resistance at Kilgobbin Castle' has lost that man the esteem of Irishmen."

A perfect burst of approval followed these words; and while young O'Shea eagerly pressed for an explanation of an incident of which he heard for the first time, they one and all proceeded to give their versions of what had occurred; but with such contradictions, corrections, and emendations that the young man might be pardoned if he comprehended little of the event.

"They say his son will contest the county with you, Mr. Miller," cried one.

"Let me have no weightier rival, and I ask no more."

"Faix, if he's going to stand," said another, "his father might have taken the trouble to ask us for our votes. Would you believe it, Sir, it's going on six months since he put his foot in this room?"

"And do the 'Goats' stand that?" asked Miller.

"I don't wonder he doesn't care to come into Moate. There's not a shop in the town he doesn't owe money to."

"And we never refused him credit—"

"For any thing but his principles," chimed in an old fellow, whose oratory was heartily relished.

"He's going to stand in the National interest," said one.

"That's the safe ticket when you have no money," said another.

"Gentlemen," said Miller, who rose to his legs to give greater importance to his address, "if we want to make Ireland a country to live in, the only party to support is the Whig government. The Nationalist may open the jails, give license to the press, hunt down the Orangemen, and make the place generally too hot for the English. But are these the things that you and I want or strive for? We want order and quietness in the land, and the best places in it for ourselves to enjoy these blessings. Is Mr. Casey down there satisfied to keep the post-office in Moate, when he knows he could be first secretary in Dublin, at the head office, with two thousand a year? Will my friend Mr. M'Gloin say that he'd rather pass his life here than be a Commissioner of Customs, and live in Merrion Square? Ain't we men? Ain't we fathers and husbands? Have we not sons to advance and daughters to marry in the world, and how much will Nationalism do for these?

"I will not tell you that the Whigs love us or have any strong regard for us; but they need us, gentlemen, and they know well that, without the Radicals, and Scotland, and our party here, they couldn't keep power for three weeks. Now why is Scotland a prosperous and prosperous country? I'll tell you. Scotland has no sentimental politics. Scotland has, in her own homely adage, 'Ca' me and I'll ca' thee.' Scotland insists that there should be Scotchmen every where—in the Post-office, in the Privy Council, in the Pipe-water and in the Punjaub! Does Scotland go on vaporing about an extinct nationality or the right of the Stuarts? Not a bit of it. She says, Burn Scotch coal in the navy, though the smoke may blind you and you never get up steam! She has no national absurdities: she neither asks for a flag nor a parliament. She demands only what will pay. And it is by supporting the Whigs you will make Ireland as prosperous as Scotland. Literally, the Fenians, gentlemen, will never make my friend yonder a baronet, nor put me on the Bench; and now that we are met here in secret committee, I can say all this to you, and none of it get abroad.

"Mind, I never told you the Whigs love us, or said that we love the Whigs; but we can each of us help the other. When *they* smash the Protestant party, they are doing a fine stroke of work for Liberalism in pulling down a cruel ascendency and righting the Romanists. And when *we* crush the Protestants, we are opening the best places in the land to ourselves by getting rid of our only rivals. Look at the Bench, gentlemen, and the high offices of the courts. Have not we papists, as they call us, our share in both? And this is only the beginning, let me tell you. There is a university in College Green due to us, and a number of fine palaces that their bishops once lived in, and grand old cathedrals whose very names show the rightful ownership; and when we have got all these—as the Whigs will give them one day—even then, we are only beginning. And now turn the other side, and see what you have to expect from the Nationalists. Some very hard fighting and a great number of broken heads. I give in that you'll drive the English out, take the Pigeon-house Fort, capture the Magazine, and carry away the Lord Lieutenant in chains. And what will you have for it, after all, but another scrimmage among yourselves for the spoils? Mr. Mullen, of the *Pike*, will want something that Mr. Darby M'Keown, of the *Convicted Felon*, has just appropriated; Tom Cassidy, that burned the Grand Master of the Orangemen, finds that he is not to be pensioned for life; and Phil Costigan, that blew up the Lodge in the Park, discovers that he is not even to get the ruins as building materials. I tell you, my friends, it's not in such convulsions as these that you and I, and other sensible men like us, want to pass our lives. We look for a comfortable berth and quarter-day; that's what we compound for—quarter-day—and I give it to you as a toast with all the honors."

And certainly the rich volume of cheers that greeted the sentiment vouched for a hearty and sincere recognition of the toast.

"The chaise is ready at the door, counselor," cried the landlord, addressing Mr. Miller, and after a friendly shake-hands all round, Miller slipped his arm through O'Shea's and drew him apart.

"I'll be back this way in about ten days or so, and I'll ask you to present me to your aunt. She has got above a hundred votes on her property, and I think I can count upon you to stand by me."

"I can, perhaps, promise you a welcome at the Barn," muttered the young fellow in some confusion; "but when you have seen my aunt you'll understand why I give you no pledges on the score of political support."

"Oh, is that the way?" asked Miller, with a knowing laugh.

"Yes, that's the way, and no mistake about it," replied O'Shea, and they parted.

EMIGRANT TICKET-OFFICE.

THE grand entrepôt of emigrants in New York is Castle Garden, where all new-comers to this country receive their first welcome to this land of peace, plenty, freedom, and equality. In the lower sketch on page 829 our artist shows the scene to be witnessed every evening about six o'clock about the large railroad dépôt at the corner of Beach and Varick streets, where the great majority of emigrants take their departure for the West. At that time, as shown in the sketch, a crowd, comprising people of almost every nationality in Europe, but chiefly Germans, may be seen waiting to be put on board the cars; and a more lively scene it would be difficult to imagine.

DEALINGS WITH MAD DOGS.

EVERY one will admit there are few subjects which possess a more terrible fascination than that of hydrophobia. From the awful nature of the disease, and the capricious and uncertain manner in which it assails its victims, it is invested with horror and mystery beyond any and every other ill which man can suffer. I do not mean to touch upon the medical and scientific theories or treatment of canine madness. Such themes are above me. Nor would the reader, probably, be greatly enlightened were I to do so, seeing that until very recently a large section of the scientific world entirely disputed the existence of hydrophobia at all, or, at any rate, the possibility of its being communicated to human beings. Nor shall I dwell upon the symptoms which declare the dog to be affected, or attempt—unless I mention them incidentally—in any way to describe them. All I propose to do is to tell two or three anecdotes of men who have been called upon to confront mad animals of the dog kind. First let me tell the reader that the most minutely detailed and interesting narrative of the whole kind is the death of the Duke of Richmond, in Canada, from the bite of a rabid fox. He may read the story in most anecdote-books, and shocking enough he will find it; but, terrible as it may be, it is also a noble record of heroic endurance of a dreadful calamity.

A great deal of good was done, despite the unpopularity of the measures, by the dog tax of a few years back, and by the late Sir Richard Mayne's order to the police to seize all stray dogs whatever. In the summer when that order was given nearly fifteen thousand dogs were so seized, and London escaped, for the first time in my memory, without a single death from hydrophobia. A plain man like myself looks at results, which are generally more convincing than theories.

It is very difficult in the earlier stages to know whether a dog be mad or not; but in all case of doubt kill the poor thing at once; it may save him much suffering, and you from the harrowing reflection that some human being has been bitten through your neglect. Madness is not always traceable to a dog having been bitten; it sometimes comes on spontaneously. A friend of mine once owned a favorite terrier which had recently littered five puppies, and, as she was kept constantly in his garden, she could not possibly have been bitten for some considerable time. But she suddenly displayed unmistakable symptoms of madness, and ran up and down the garden with the saliva flying from her jaws, and her head twitching from side to side, as the heads of all mad dogs do. This arises from the convulsive action of the muscles of the throat and neck which invariably characterizes hydrophobia—in human beings, unhappily, as well as in quadrupeds—and the imitation of which makes poisoning by strychnine so painful to endure, and so horrific to see. Luckily my friend himself was the first to notice her, and his first care was to close the doors and order no one to go into the garden. He had no fire-arms, and was afraid to leave the house to procure poison while she was at large, lest she should scramble over the low wall, or some one should inadvertently enter the inclosure. At last he thought of a plan which is worthy of being known, in the event of any of my readers being unfortunate enough to need such an expedient. He procured an old box without a lid—a tea-chest would do, or any such thing—and, holding this before him, went straight into the garden. The poor brute ran directly toward him, and had she come quite close he would have turned the box over her, and so covered her with it; this he could have done easily enough, for mad dogs never dodge or twist about. But even in her frenzy her maternal instinct was too strong, and she ran back to her kennel and began suckling her puppies. As the end of the chain—which was still round her neck—hung out of the kennel, her master seized it and fastened it to its staple, then sent for some poison, and so killed her; for she would try to eat, although she could not drink. But here is the strangest part of the story, and to me it seems very pathetic. All her little puppies were raving mad too, and the foam hung in flakes about their mouths, and their poor little heads twitched just as the mother's had done. They had sucked in madness with their milk, for she had not bitten any of them. This was, in my experience at least, a new feature in the history of hydrophobia.

The most dangerous characteristic of this disease is the capricious manner in which it makes its appearance. Sometimes the dog will show for several days that there is something wrong with him, moping and shunning those of whom he has hitherto been fondest, while at other times, as in the case just given, it comes on with a frightful suddenness. The eminent philanthropist, Sir T. F. Buxton, who was a great and good man in private as well as in public, had a truly terrible adventure with a large and favorite dog. He was riding on horseback to London one morning, from the vicinity of Hampstead, when he heard a great hubbub as he came through the village, and, to his horror, found that his own dog, which he had left behind him had broken out and, raving mad, was biting at every thing near. Mr. Buxton saw him bite at least a dozen dogs and several human beings. In vain did his master ride after him and shout at or try to coax him; the brute no longer obeyed the familiar voice. As they approached London the idea of the mischief he would do in the crowded streets became so overpowering that his master decided that it was his duty to run every risk, and to capture him at any hazard; and the dog fortunately turning up a drive which led to some lodge-gate, Mr. Buxton sprang from his horse and clasped a raving mad Newfoundland dog round the neck! After a desperate struggle he dragged the animal close enough to enable him to ring the bell, and the gardener opening the lodge-gate, Mr. Buxton, with his permission, forced the dog into the garden, and a chain having been procured it was fastened to the dog's collar and to a tree. This part is best told in Mr. Buxton's own words:

"I made the gardener, who was in a terrible fright, secure the collar round his neck, and fix the other end of the chain to a tree, and then, walking to its furthest range, with all my force, which was nearly exhausted by his frantic struggles, I flung him away from me and sprang back. He made a desperate bound after me; but finding himself foiled, he uttered the most fearful yell I ever heard. All that day he did nothing but rush to and fro, champing the foam which gushed from his jaws. We threw him meat, and he snatched at it with fury, but instantly dropped it again.

"The next day, when I went to see him, I thought the chain seemed worn, so I pinned him to the ground between the prongs of a pitchfork, and then fixed a much larger chain round his neck. When I pulled away the fork he sprang up and made a dash at me, *which snapped the old chain in two*. He died in forty-eight hours from the time he went mad."

Some might call this heroism; but if any of my readers should be placed in a similar strait, the more desirable plan would be to have the poor brute destroyed.

My next illustration is not generally known (Sir T. F. Buxton's probably is, which has prevented me from dwelling so much on the details as his bravery deserves), but as I was acquainted with the chief actor, I can vouch for its truth. If somewhat less thrilling than the last instance, it nevertheless demanded very firm nerves, and shows the inestimable value of presence of mind. Some years ago a large dog, in a state of furious madness, was discovered running about the streets at the West End of London. Of course the alarm and excitement spread, and a crowd of shouting men and boys followed it. A butcher was standing at the door of his shop when the rabid beast entered the street, and the man as he stood there was right in the track. The crowd shouted to him to get out of the way; but in lieu of doing so the butcher coolly detached his "steel"—an implement with which every reader is familiar in the larger size which it takes when for professional and not domestic use—from his apron, and planted himself in the centre of the pathway. Snapping viciously, with whitened jaws, at every thing near, the dog came on, and when close to the butcher sprang at him to seize him; but as he opened his savage teeth the man stepped forward, and, holding his weapon with a firm grip, drove the steel right down the brute's throat almost to the hilt. His fingers were, of course, close to the fatal fangs; but these were harmless now, for the dog fell dead at his feet. There are many men who would rather have faced a line of bayonets than have done such a deed as this; and many a man has been praised to the skies and rewarded for a less courageous act.

Without breaking my resolution of not entering upon the medical questions connected with hydrophobia, I may allude to the agonizing uncertainty which haunts a person who is bitten by a mad dog. Of all poisons ever known the virus is the most capricious, most unaccountable, in its action. The blood-poison to which it is most often compared—the bite of a serpent—is really more of a contrast than a comparison; the one is so certain and regular in its effect, the other so uncertain in time, or even in any injury resulting at all. None of the men bitten by Sir T. F. Buxton's dog went mad. I have known a child's arm torn and bitten to the bone by a dog outrageously rabid, and the child did not suffer more than it would have done from any other injury of equal extent. There have been frequent instances where a dog has bitten a great number of human beings, and one has gone mad while the rest have escaped; on the other hand, I have also known a very slight puncture, from a dog not suspected to be rabid, bring on the most deadly madness. The treatment of hydrophobia is just as unsettled as is the action of the disease itself. A surgeon once treated a very bad bite on his own hand, inflicted by a dog that, at any rate, was infuriated, which not only presented some very ugly symptoms, but menaced, I fancied, the worst results. He used water only; he kept a constantly saturated pad of linen on the bite, and he got quite well. But the value of such evidence as this is diminished by its being impossible to say whether hydrophobia would have set in if the wound had been left to itself.

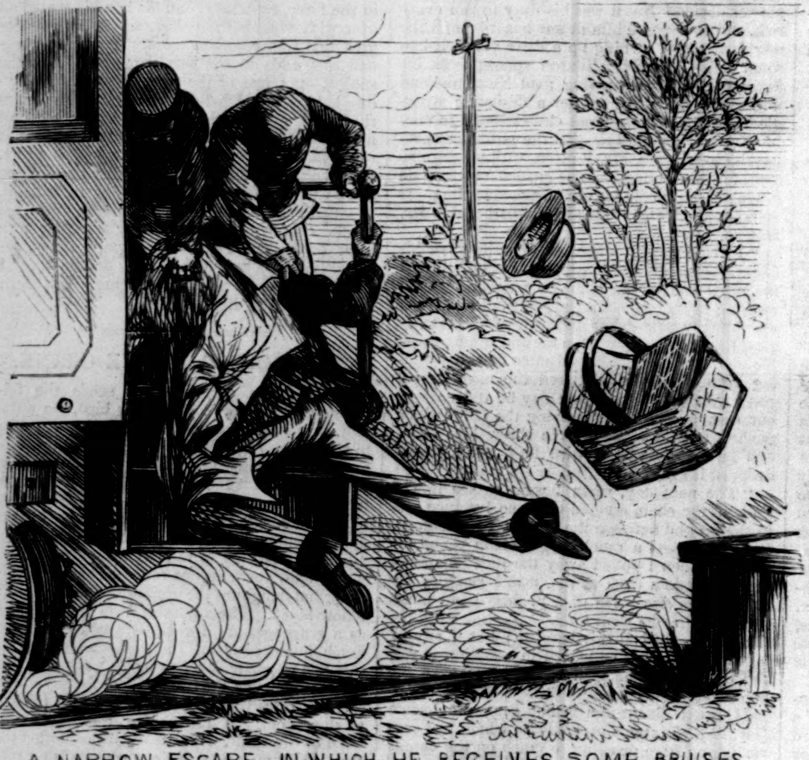
As a rule, a mad dog will not go out of its way to bite you. It is rarely so ferocious as in the second of my instances, but it pursues a straight course, snapping at every living object which it meets. A friend of mine once passed, on a lonely country road, within a few feet of a dog which struck him as having something strange in its aspect and movements; fifty yards further on he encountered two men with guns, who asked him if he had seen a dog, and on being answered that he had, and where, told him to thank God for his escape, for that very brute was raving mad, and had bitten at least a dozen animals and two or three men and children that morning. My informant almost fainted with the shock which this intelligence communicated, and was greatly relieved to hear the report of a gun directly afterward, telling that the career of the mad dog was ended. I spoke at the commencement of this brief article of the effect produced by the clearance of the streets from dogs by the police; most of my readers will remember how that one man in the force, especially, had his hands covered all over with wounds from bites, and in a lesser degree this was common among the men; yet—and this adds to the perplexing nature of the subject—not one of the force suffered from hydrophobia; nor, I believe, has any attendant at that most useful institution, the Home for Lost and Starving Dogs, ever been attacked. It is really like the immunity doctors enjoy, as a rule, from contagion in fevers and other pestilences, and is altogether out of my power to explain. Finally, I will observe that I never knew the madness of a dog to be clearly traceable to a want of water. Popular opinion, I know, ascribes it always to this privation; but so far as I have had an opportunity of noticing, thirst alone never causes the disease.

THE CROWS AND THE CRANE.

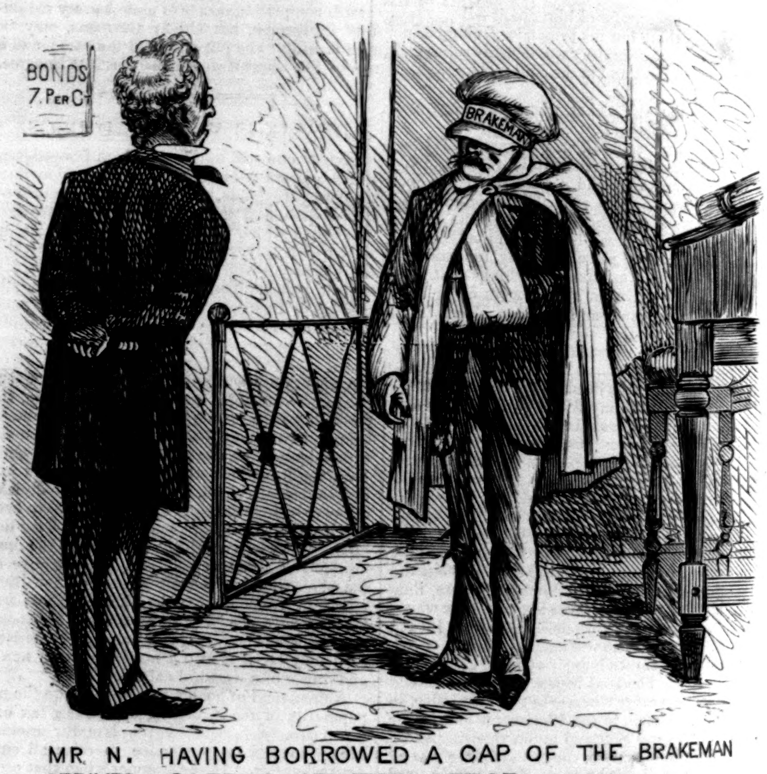
A CALCUTTA correspondent sends the following anecdote of that singular bird, the adjutant, or gigantic crane, which may be a novelty to some of our readers. He says that his attention was attracted one morning by an unusual turmoil in the "compound," or out-door premises of the house in which he lived. Looking out of the window, he saw an adjutant, evidently unable to remount on his wings, standing helplessly amidst a company of at least a hundred crows, whose loud vociferations seemed to express any thing but delight at the presence of their gigantic fellow-biped. The adjutant, from his usefulness as a scavenger-of-all-work, is a gentleman very much humored about Indian homesteads; and this one in particular, as was his wont, had been lingering outside the cook's room for any unconsidered trifles which the servants might think fit to throw out. A few crows, however, getting wind of the affair, with the sagacious notion that they might pick up a few chance scraps on their own account, were soon on the scene of action. Hunger has no compunctions; and at last one of them, more venturesome than the rest, approaching more closely than actual prudence would have dictated, ventured to dispute the possession of a bone with the adjutant. The question was not long in abeyance; for, in a few moments, the adjutant—leaving the bone for subsequent discussion—seized the crow, hip and thigh, and swallowed him at one gulp. This summary act seems to have aroused the indignation of the other crows, who by their cries soon brought together numbers of others from every quarter; and for a good two hours they never ceased—some from the ground, others from a neighboring wall—to badger their voracious foe, scolding him to the top of their lungs, and tantalizing him by approaching as close as they dared, extending a claw or a wing to almost within his reach, and suddenly withdrawing it as he attempted to seize them. And this unequal vengeance they continued for two or three mornings. The adjutant is one of the most voracious and carnivorous birds known; and the enormous quantity which it can devour may be judged of from its size. From tip to tip of its wings, when stretched out, it measures about fourteen or fifteen feet, and it is five feet high when standing erect. Well-founded stories of its voracity, however, are by no means uncommon. With the adjutant, all is fish that comes to net. Every thing is swallowed whole. In the stomach of one, a land tortoise ten inches long, and a large male black cat, have been found entire. A shin of beef, broken asunder, serves an adjutant for but two morsels; and a leg of mutton, five or six pounds weight, if he can purloin it—he is a terrible thief—is no more than a fair ordinary mouthful. Fortunately, the courage of the adjutant is not equal to its greediness; for a child, eight or ten years old, can scare it with a common switch.

MR. NOSEGAY RESIDES IN THE SUBURBS. HE IS LATE THIS MORNING AND MRS. N. INFORMS HIM THAT SHE HEARS THE TRAIN IN THE DISTANCE.

MR. NOSEGAY RUSHES FOR THE TRAIN, THE DOGS OF THE VILLAGE ACCOMPANY HIM.



A NARROW ESCAPE, IN WHICH HE RECEIVES SOME BRUISES AND LOSES HIS HAT AND BASKET.



MR. N. HAVING BORROWED A CAP OF THE BRAKEMAN ARRIVES SAFELY AT THE OFFICE.

THE HAT AND BASKET, HAVING BEEN FOUND, ARE SENT HOME—TERRIBLE ANXIETY OF MRS. NOSEGAY.

SHE HASTENS TO THE OFFICE WHERE HER JOY AT THE SAFETY OF MR. NOSEGAY KNOWS NO BOUNDS.

HURRYING FOR THE TRAIN.

THE HOWARD MISSION.

About ten years ago a few benevolent and philanthropic persons established the "Home for Little Wanderers" in what was then the lowest and worst part of New York. The Home, as its name implies, was intended as a place of refuge, where the poor little children who were wandering, homeless and hungry, about the streets of the great city could be provided with a comfortable home, decent clothing, and wholesome food. At first the project met with great opposition, not only among the Roman Catholic clergy, but among the class whom it was chiefly intended to benefit. The attitude of the Romanists was intelligible. They dreaded the influence of the Mission upon the minds of the children, and would rather let them starve in the street or come to worse ending, than run the risk of their becoming intelligent and educated, and reflecting men and women. The Church, popular prejudice, the Legislature, were each in turn invoked to suppress this "dangerous" project. The Mission was actually taking the children of Catholic parents from the dens and gutters where they wasted their lives, giving them shelter, food, and clothing, and finding them good homes in the country, where they could grow up honest, industrious, and happy.

In spite of every species of opposition, the Mission flourished and increased. A new building, of which we give a sketch, is in process of erection on Roosevelt Street. During the ten years of its existence it has provided homes for over ten thousand children, besides assisting many hundreds of poor families through seasons of temporary distress. Its work is chiefly among the children, who are divided into the following classes:

1st. Those who may be placed in the care of the Mission to be sent to homes and situations.

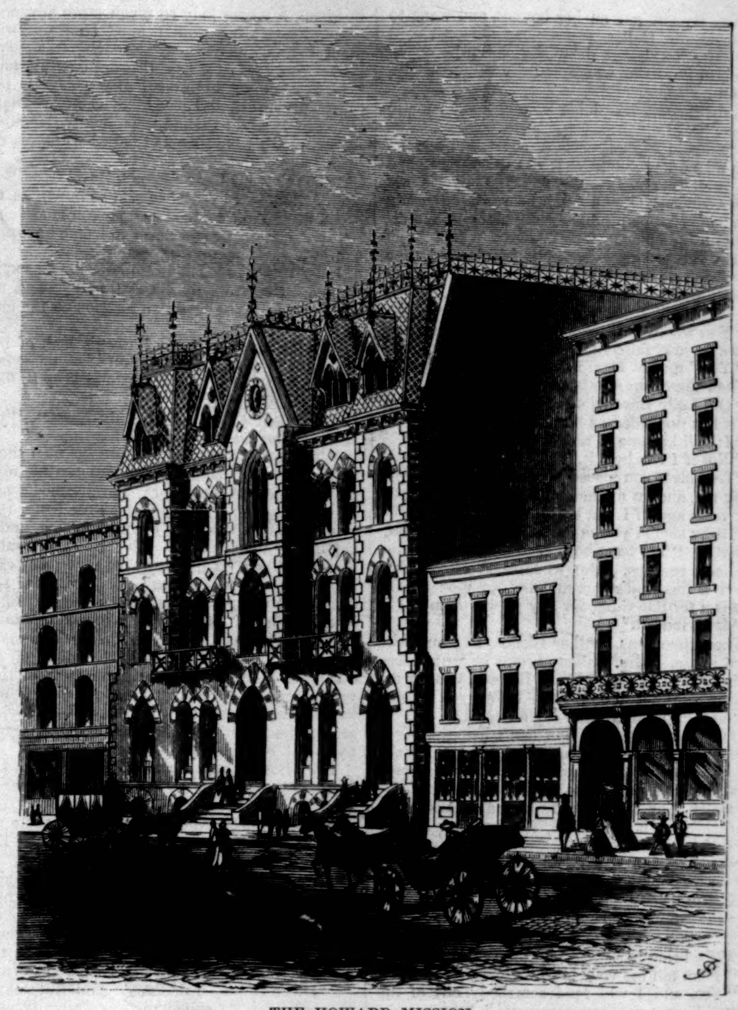
2d. Those whom the Mission is not authorized to send to homes, but who may need a temporary shelter until their friends can provide for them.

3d. Those who have homes or places in which to sleep. These may enjoy the benefits of the wardrobe, dining and school rooms, but not sleep in the Mission.

In addition to this, food, fuel, and clothing are given to the poor, the sick are visited and assisted, work is sought for the unemployed, and mothers may leave their small children in the Day Nursery while they go to work.

The Mission owes its great success to the unremitting labors of the Superintendent, the Rev. W. C. Van Meter, and the President, Mr. A. S. Hatch. This gentleman, mindful of the fact that these poor people have but few pleasures in life, has several times given them the rare delight of a sail in his yacht through the lovely waters of our bay and rivers.

It will interest our readers to know that Mr. Van Meter has had his attention called to the proposed establishment of a similar mission in Rome. That ancient city is now open to the efforts of missionaries and teachers. Italy is burdened with ignorance. The latest official statistics of education show that in 1864, out of a total population of 21,703,710, Italy had only 3,884,245 persons who could read and write, 893,588 who could read but not write, and 16,999,701 who could neither read nor write. Piedmont is the best educated province, 573 out of every 1000 being unable either to read or write; Basilicata is the most ignorant province, 912 out of every 1000 being wholly illiterate. In Calabria, Sicily, and Sardinia more than nine-tenths of the inhabitants can neither read nor write. Tuscany and Æmilia are about the average of the whole country, eight-tenths of the population being wholly illiterate. The people are, however, waking up to the importance of education, and several eminent persons have given Mr. Van Meter great encouragement to make the experiment of a child's home in what was until recently the very stronghold of Romanism and ignorance.



THE HOWARD MISSION.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

By CHARLES READE.

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SECOND.

Lady Bassett was carried to her room, and did not re-appear. She kept her own apartments, and her health declined so rapidly that Sir Charles sent for Dr. Willis. He prescribed for the body; but the disease lay in the mind. Martyr to an inward struggle, she pined visibly, and her beautiful eyes began to shine like stars, preternaturally large. She was in a frightful condition: she longed to tell the truth and end it all; but then she must lose her adored husband's respect, and perhaps his love; and she had not the courage. She saw no way out of it but to die and leave her confession; and, as she felt that the agony of her soul was killing her by degrees, she drew a sombre resignation from that.

She declined to see Reginald. She could not bear the sight of him.

Compton came to her many times a day, with a face full of concern, and even terror. But she would not talk to him of herself.

He brought her all the news he heard, having no other way to cheer her.

One day he told her there were robbers about. Two farm-houses had been robbed, a thing not known in these parts for many years.

Lady Bassett shuddered, but said nothing.

But by-and-by her beloved son came to her in distress with a grief of his own.

Ruperta Bassett was now the beauty of the county, and it seems Mr. Rutland had danced with her at her first ball, and been violently smitten with her; he had called more than once at Highmore, and his attentions were directly encouraged by Mr. Bassett. Now Mr. Rutland was heir to a peerage, and also to considerable estates in the county.

Compton was sick at heart, and, being young, saw his life about to be blighted; so now he was pale and woe-begone, and told her the sad news with such deep sighs and imploring tearful eyes, that all the mother rose in arms. "Ah!" said she, "they say to themselves that I am down, and can not fight for my child; but I would fight

EMIGRANTS DEPARTING FOR THE WEST.—[See Page 827.]

for him on the edge of the grave. Let me think all by myself, dear. Come back to me in an hour. I shall do something. Your mother is a very cunning woman—for those she loves."

Compton kissed her gown—a favorite action of his, for he worshiped her—and went away.

The invalid laid her hollow cheek upon her wasted hand, and thought with all her might. By degrees her extraordinary brain developed a twofold plan of action; and she proceeded to execute the first part, being the least difficult, though even that was not easy, and brought a vivid blush to her wasted cheek.

She wrote to Mrs. Bassett:

"MADAM,—*I am very ill, and life is uncertain. Something tells me you, like me, regret the unhappy feud between our houses. If this is so, it would be a consolation to me to take you by the hand and exchange a few words, as we already have a few kind looks. Yours respectfully,*
"BELLA BASSETT."

She showed this letter to Compton, and told him he might send a servant with it to Highmore at once.

"Oh mamma!" said he, "I never thought you would do that: how good you are! You couldn't ask Ruperta, could you? Just in a little postscript, you know."

Lady Bassett shook her head.

"That would not be wise, my dear. Let me hook that fish for you, not frighten her away."

Great was the astonishment at Highmore when a blazing footman knocked at the door and handed Jessie the letter with assumed nonchalance, then stalked away, concealing with professional art his own astonishment at what he had done.

It was no business of Jessie's to take letters into the drawing-room; she would have deposited any other letter on the hall table; but she brought this one in, and, standing at the door, exclaimed, "Here a letter fr' Huntercombe!"

Richard Bassett, Mrs. Bassett, and Ruperta, all turned upon her with one accord.

"From where?"

"Fr' Huntercombe itsel'. Et isna for you, nor for you, missy. Et's for the mesterress."

She marched proudly up to Mrs. Bassett and laid the letter down on the table; then drew back a step or two, and, being Scotch, coolly waited to hear the contents. Richard Bassett, being English, told her she need not stay.

Mrs. Bassett cast a bewildered look at her husband and daughter, then opened the letter quietly; read it quietly; and, having read it, took out her handkerchief, and began to cry quietly.

Ruperta cried, "Oh, mamma!" and in a moment had one long arm round her mother's neck, while the other hand seized the letter, and she read it aloud, cheek to cheek; but, before she got to an end, her mother's tears infected her, and she must whimper too.

"Here are a couple of geese," said Richard Bassett. "Can't you write a civil reply to a civil letter, without sniveling? I'll answer the letter for you."

"No!" said Mrs. Bassett.

Richard was amazed: Ruperta ditto.

The little woman had never dealt in "Noes," least of all to her husband; and, besides, this was such a plump "No." It came out of her mouth like a marble.

I think the sound surprised even herself a little, for she proceeded to justify it at once. "I have been a better wife than a Christian this many years. But there's a limit. And, Richard, I should never have married you if you had told me we were to be at war all our lives with our next neighbor, that every body respects. To live in the country, and not speak to our only neighbor, that is a life I never would have left my father's house for. Not that I complain: if you have been bitter to them, you have always been good and kind to me; and I hope I have done my best to deserve it; but when a sick lady, and perhaps dying, holds out her hand to me—write her one of your cold-blooded letters! That I WON'T. Reply? my reply will be just putting on my bonnet and going to her this afternoon. It is Passion-week, too; and that's not a week to play the heathen. Poor lady! I've seen in her sweet eyes this many years that she would gladly be friends with me; and she never passed me close but she bowed to me, in church or out, even when we were at daggers drawn. She is a lady, a real lady, every inch. But it is not that altogether. No, if a sick woman called me to her bedside this week, I'd go, whether she wrote from Huntercombe Hall or the poorest house in the place; else how could I hope my Saviour would come to *my* bedside at my last hour?"

This honest burst, from a meek lady who never talked nonsense, to be sure, but seldom went into eloquence, staggered Richard Bassett, and enraptured Ruperta so that she flung both arms round her mother's neck, and cried, "Oh, mamma! I always thought you were the best woman in England, and now I know it."

"Well, well, well," said Richard, kindly enough: then to Ruperta, "Did I ever say she was not the best woman in England? So you need not set up your throats neck and neck at me, like two geese at a fox. Unfortunately, she is the simplest woman in England, as well as the best, and she is going to visit the cunningest. That Lady Bassett will turn your mother inside out in no time. I wish you would go with her; you are a shrewd girl."

"My daughter will not go till she is asked," said Mrs. Bassett, firmly.

"In that case," said Richard, dryly, "let us hope the Lord will protect you, since it is for love of him you go into a she-fox's den."

No reply was vouchsafed to this aspiration, the words being the words of faith, but the voice the voice of skepticism.

Mrs. Bassett put on her bonnet, and went to Huntercombe Hall.

After a very short delay she was ushered up stairs, to the room where Lady Bassett was lying on a sofa.

Lady Bassett heard her coming, and rose to receive her.

She made Mrs. Bassett a court courtesy so graceful and profound that it rather frightened the little woman. Seeing which, Lady Bassett changed her style, and came forward, extending both hands with admirable grace and gentle amity, not overdone.

Mrs. Bassett gave her both hands, and they looked full at each other in silence, till the eyes of both ladies began to fill.

"You would have come—like this—years ago—at a word?" faltered Lady Bassett.

"Yes," gulped Mrs. Bassett.

Then there was another long pause.

"Oh, Lady Bassett, what a life! It is a wonder it has not killed us both."

"It will kill one of us."

"Not if I can help it."

"God bless you for saying so! Dear madam, sit by me, and let me hold the hand I might have had years ago, if I had had the courage."

"Why should you take the blame?" said Mrs. Bassett. "We have both been good wives; too obedient, perhaps. But to have to choose between a husband's commands and God's law, that is a terrible thing for any poor woman."

"It is, indeed."

Then there was another silence, and an awkward pause. Mrs. Bassett broke it, with some hesitation. "I hope, Lady Bassett, your present illness is not in any way—I hope you do not fear any thing more from my husband?"

"Oh, Mrs. Bassett! how can I help fearing it—especially if we provoke him? Mr. Reginald Bassett has returned, and you know he once gave your husband cause for just resentment."

"Well, but he is older now, and has more sense. Even if he should, Ruperta and I must try and keep the peace."

"Ruperta! I wish I had asked you to bring her with you. But I feared to ask too much at once."

"I'll send her to you to-morrow, Lady Bassett."

"No, bring her."

"Then tell me your hour."

"Yes, and I will send somebody out of the way. I want you both to myself."

While this conversation was going on at Huntercombe, Richard Bassett, being left alone with his daughter, proceeded to work with his usual skill upon her young mind.

He reminded her of Mr. Rutland's prospects, and said he hoped to see her a countess, and the loveliest jewel of the Peerage.

He then told her Mr. Rutland was coming to stay a day or two next week, and requested her to receive him graciously.

She promised that at once.

"That," said he, "will be a much better match for you than the younger son of Sir Charles Bassett. However, my girl is too proud to go into a family where she is not welcome."

"Much too proud for that," said Ruperta.

He left her smarting under that suggestion.

While he was smoking his cigar in the garden, Mrs. Bassett came home. She was in raptures with Lady Bassett, and told her daughter all that had passed; and, in conclusion, that she had promised Lady Bassett to take her to Huntercombe to-morrow."

"Me, dear!" cried Ruperta; "why, what can she want of me?"

"All I know is, her ladyship wishes very much to see you. In my opinion, you will be *very* welcome to poor Lady Bassett."

"Is she very ill?"

Mrs. Bassett shook her head. "She is much changed. She says she should be better if we were all at peace; but I don't know."

"Oh, mamma, I wish it was to-morrow."

They went to Huntercombe next day; and, ill as she was, Lady Bassett received them charmingly. She was startled by Ruperta's beauty and womanly appearance, but too well bred to show it, or say it all in a moment.

She spoke to the mother first; but presently took occasion to turn to the daughter, and to say, "May I hope, Miss Bassett, that you are on the side of peace, like your dear mother and myself?"

"I am," said Ruperta, firmly; "I always was—especially after that beautiful sermon, you know, mamma."

Says the proud mother, "You might tell Lady Bassett you think it is your mission to reunite your father and Sir Charles."

"Mamma!" said Ruperta, reproachfully. That was to stop her mouth. "If you tell all the wild things I say to you, her ladyship will think me very presumptuous."

"No, no," said Lady Bassett, "enthusiasm is not presumption. Enthusiasm is beautiful, and the brightest flower of youth."

"I am glad you think so, Lady Bassett; for people who have no enthusiasm seem very hard and mean to me."

"And so they are," said Lady Bassett, warmly.

But I have no time to record the full details of the conversation. I can only present the general result. Lady Bassett thought Ruperta a beautiful and noble girl, that any house might be proud to adopt; and Ruperta was charmed by Lady Bassett's exquisite manners, and touched and interested by her pale yet still beautiful face and eyes. They made friends; but it was not till the third visit, when many kind things had passed between them, that Lady Bassett ventured on the subject she had at heart. "My dear," said she to Ruperta, "when I first saw you, I wondered at my son Compton's audacity in loving a young lady so much more advanced than himself; but now I must be frank with you; I think the poor boy's audacity was only a proper courage. He has all my sympathy, and, if he is not quite indifferent to you, let me just put in my word, and say there is not a young lady in the world I could bear for my daughter-in-law, now I have seen and talked with you, my dear."

"Thank you, Lady Bassett," said Mrs. Bassett; "and, since you have said so much, let me speak my mind. So long as your son is attached to my daughter, I could never welcome any other son-in-law. I HAVE GOT THE TIPPET."

Lady Bassett looked at Ruperta for an explanation. Ruperta only blushed, and looked uncomfortable. She hated all allusion to the feats of her childhood.

Mrs. Bassett saw Lady Bassett's look of perplexity, and said, eagerly, "You never missed it? All the better. I thought I would keep it, for a peace-maker partly."

"My dear friend," said Lady Bassett, "you are speaking riddles to me; what tippet?"

"The tippet your son took off his own shoulders and put it round my girl that terrible night they were lost in the wood. Forgive me keeping it, Lady Bassett—I know I was little better than a thief; but it was only a tippet to you, and to me it was much more. Ah! Lady Bassett, I have loved your darling boy ever since; you can't wonder—you are a mother; and," turning suddenly on Ruperta, "why do you keep saying he is only a boy? If he was man enough to do that at seven years of age, he must have a manly heart. No; I couldn't bear the sight of any other son-in-law; and, when you are a mother, you'll understand many things; and, for one, you'll—under—stand—why I'm so—fool—ish; seeing the sweet boy's mother ready—to cry—too—oh! oh! oh!"

Lady Bassett held out her arms to her, and the mothers had a sweet cry together in each other's arms.

Ruperta's eyes were wet at this; but she told her mother she ought not to agitate Lady Bassett, and she so ill.

"And that is true, my good, sensible girl," said Mrs. Bassett; "but it has lain in my heart this nine years, and I could not keep it to myself any longer. But you are a beauty and a spoiled child, and so I suppose you think nothing of his giving you his tippet to keep you warm."

"Don't say that, mamma," said Ruperta, reproachfully. "I spoke to dear Compton about it not long ago. He had forgotten all about it, even."

"All the more to his credit; but don't you ever forget it, my own girl."

"I never will, mamma."

By degrees the three became so unreserved that Ruperta was gently urged to declare her real sentiments.

By this time the young beauty was quite cured of her fear lest she should be an unwelcome daughter-in-law; but there was an obstacle in her own mind. She was a frank, courageous girl; but this appeal tried her hard.

She blushed, fixed her eyes steadily on the ground, and said, pretty firmly and very slowly, "I had always a great affection for my cousin Compton; and so I have now. But I am not in love with him. He is but a boy; now I—"

A glance at the large mirror, and a superb smile of beauty and conscious womanhood, completed the sentence.

"He will get older every day," said Mrs. Bassett.

"And so shall I."

"But you will not look older, and he will. You have come to your full growth. He hasn't."

"I agree with the dear girl," said Lady Bassett, adroitly. "Compton, with his fair hair, looks so young, it would be ridiculous at present. But it is possible to be engaged, and wait a proper time for marriage; what I fear is, lest you should be tempted by some other offer. To speak plainly, I hear that Mr. Rutland pays his addresses to you, and visits at Highmore."

"Yes, he has been there twice."

"He is welcome to your father; and his prospects are dazzling; and he is not a boy, for he has long mustaches."

"I am not dazzled by his mustaches, and still less by his prospects," said the fair young beauty.

"You are an extraordinary girl."

"That she is," said Mrs. Bassett. "Her father has no more power over her than I have."

"Oh, mamma! am I a disobedient girl, then?"

"No, no. Only in this one thing, I see you will go your own way."

Lady Bassett put in her word. "Well, but this one thing is the happiness or misery of her whole life. I can not blame her for looking well before she leaps."

A grateful look from Ruperta's glorious eyes repaid the speaker.

"But," said Lady Bassett, tenderly, "it is something to have two mothers when you marry, instead of one; and you would have two, my love; I would try and live for you."

This touched Ruperta to the heart; she curled round Lady Bassett's neck, and they kissed each other like mother and daughter.

"This is too great a temptation," said Ruperta. "Yes; I *will* engage myself to Cousin Compton, if papa's consent can be obtained. Without his consent I could not marry any one."

"Nobody can obtain it, if you can not," said Mrs. Bassett.

Ruperta shook her head. "Mark my words, mamma, it will take me years to gain it. Papa is as obstinate as a mule. To be sure, I am as obstinate as fifty."

"It shall not take years, nor yet months," said Lady Bassett. "I know *Mr. Bassett's* objection, and I will remove it, cost me what it may."

This speech surprised the other two ladies so they made no reply.

Said Lady Bassett, firmly, "Do you pledge yourself to me, if I can obtain Mr. Bassett's consent?"

"I do," said Ruperta. "But—"

"You think my power with your father must be smaller than yours. I hope to show you you are mistaken."

The ladies rose to go: Lady Bassett took leave of them thus: "Good-by, my most valued friend, and sister in sorrow; good-by, my dear daughter."

At the gate of Huntercombe, whom should they meet but Compton Bassett, looking very pale and unhappy.

He was upon honor not to speak to Ruperta; but he gazed on her with a wistful and terrified look that was very touching. She gave him a soft pitying smile in return, that drove him almost wild with hope.

That night Richard Bassett sat in his chair, gloomy.

When his wife and daughter spoke to him in their soft accents, he returned short, surly answers. Evidently a storm was brewing.

At last it burst. He had heard of Ruperta's repeated visits to Huntercombe Hall. "You are not dealing fairly with me, you two," said he. "I allowed you to go once to see a woman that says she is very ill; but I warned you she was the cunningest woman in creation, and would make a fool of you both; and now I find you are always going. This will not do. She is netting two simple birds that I have the care of. Now, listen to me; I forbid you two ever to set foot in that house again. Do you hear me?"

"We hear you, papa," said Mrs. Bassett, quietly; "we must be deaf, if we did not."

Ruperta kept her countenance with difficulty.

"It is not a request, it is a command."

Mrs. Bassett for once in her life fired up. "And a most tyrannical one," said she.

Ruperta put her hand before her mother's mouth, then turned to her father.

"There was no need to express your wish so harshly, papa. We shall obey."

Then she whispered her mother, "And Mr. Rutland shall pay for it."

Mrs. Bassett communicated this behest to Lady Bassett in a letter.

Then Lady Bassett summoned all her courage, and sent for her son Compton. "Compton," said she, "I must speak to Reginald. Can you find him?"

"Oh yes, I can find him. I am sorry to say any body can find him at this time of day."

"Why, where is he?"

"I hardly like to tell you."

"Do you think his peculiarities have escaped me?"

"At the public-house."

"Ask him to come to me."

Compton went to the public-house, and there, to his no small disgust, found Mr. Reginald Bassett playing the fiddle, and four people, men and women, dancing to the sound, while one or two more smoked and looked on.

Compton restrained himself till the end of that dance, and then stepped up to Reginald, and whispered him, "Mamma wants to see you directly."

"Tell her I'm busy."

"I shall tell her nothing of the kind. You know she is very ill, and has not seen you yet; and now she wants to. So come along at once, like a good fellow."

"Youngster," said Reginald, "it is a rule with me never to leave a young woman for an old one."

"Not for your mother?"

"No, nor my grandmother either."

"Then you were born without a heart. But you shall come, whether you like it or not—though I have to drag you there by the throat."

"Learn to spell 'able' first."

"I'll spell it on your head, if you don't come."

"Oh, that is the game, young 'un, is it?"

"Yes."

"Well, don't let us have a shindy on the bricks; there is a nice little paddock outside. Come out there, and I'll give you a lesson."

"Thank you; I don't feel inclined to assist you in degrading our family."

"Chaps that are afraid to fight shouldn't threaten. Come, now, the first knock-down blow shall settle it. If I win, you stay here and dance with us. If you win, I go to the old woman."

Compton consented, somewhat reluctantly; but, to do him justice, his reluctance arose entirely from his sense of relationship, and not from any fear of his senior.

The young gentlemen took off their coats, and proceeded to spar without any further ceremony.

Reginald, whose agility was greater than his courage, danced about on the tips of his toes, and succeeded in planting a tap or two on Compton's cheek.

Compton smarted under these, and presently, in following his antagonist, who fought like a shadow, he saw Ruperta and her mother looking horror-stricken over the palings.

Infuriated with Reginald for this exposure, he rushed in at him, received a severe cut over the eye, but dealt him with his mighty Anglo-Saxon arm a full straightforward smasher on the forehead, which knocked him head over heels like a nine-pin.

That active young man picked himself up wondrous slowly; rheumatism seemed to have suddenly seized his well-oiled joints; he then addressed his antagonist, in his most ingratiating tones—"All right, Sir," said he. "You are the best man. I'll go to the old lady this minute."

"I'll *see* you go," said Compton, sternly; "and mind I can run as well as hit: so none of your gypsy tricks with *me*."

Then he came sheepishly to the palings, and said, "It is not my fault, Miss Bassett; he would

not come to mamma without, and she wants to speak to him."

"Oh! he is hurt! he is wounded!" cried Ruperta. "Come here to me."

He came to her, and she pressed her white handkerchief tenderly on his eyebrow; it was bleeding a little.

"Well, are you coming?" said Reginald, ironically, "or do *you* like young women better than old ones?"

Compton instantly drew back a little, made two steps, laid his hand on the palings, vaulted over, and followed Reginald.

"That's your *boy*," said Mrs. Bassett.

Ruperta made no reply, but began to gulp.

"What is the matter, darling?"

"The fighting—the blood," said Ruperta, sobbing.

Mrs. Bassett drew her on one side, and soon soothed her.

When their gentle bosoms got over their agitation, they rather enjoyed the thing, especially Ruperta: she detested Reginald for his character, and for having insulted her father.

All of a sudden she cried out, "He has taken my handkerchief. How dare he?" And she affected anger.

"Never mind, dear," said Mrs. Bassett, coolly, "we have got his tippet."

CHAPTER THE FORTY-THIRD.

COULD any one have looked through the keyhole at Lady Bassett waiting for Reginald, he would have seen, by the very movements of her body, the terrible agitation of her mind. She rose—she sat down—she walked about with wild energy—she dropped on the sofa, and appeared to give it up as impossible; but ere long that deadly languor gave way to impatient restlessness again.

At last her quick ear heard a footstep in the corridor, accompanied by no rustle of petticoats, and yet the footstep was not Compton's.

Instantly she glanced with momentary terror toward the door.

There was a tap.

She sat down, and said, with a tone from which all agitation was instantly banished, "Come in."

The door opened, and the swarthy Reginald, diabolically handsome, with his black snaky curls, entered the room.

She rose from her chair, and fixed her great eyes on him, as if she would read him soul and body before she ventured to speak.

"Here I am, mamma: sorry to see you look so ill."

"Thank you, my dear," said Lady Bassett, without relaxing for a moment that searching gaze.

She said, still covering him with her eye, "Would you cure me if you could?"

To appreciate this opening, and Lady Bassett's sweet, engaging manner, you must understand that this young man was, in her eyes, a sort of black snake. Her flesh crept, with fear and repugnance, at the sight of him. Yet that is how she received him, being a mother defending her favorite son.

"Of course I would," said Reginald. "Just you tell me how."

Excellent words. But the lady's calm infallible eye saw a cunning twinkle in those black twinkling orbs. Young as he was, he was on his guard, and waiting for her. Nor was this surprising: Reginald, naturally intelligent, had accumulated a large stock of low cunning in his travels and adventures with the gypsies, a smooth and cunning people. Lady Bassett's fainting upon his return, his exclusion from her room, and one or two minor circumstances, had set him thinking.

The moment she saw that look, Lady Bassett, with swift tact, glided away from the line she had intended to open, and, after merely thanking him, and saying, "I believe you, dear," though she did not believe him, she resumed, in a very impressive tone, "You see me worse than ever to-day, because my mind is in great trouble. The time is come when I must tell you a secret, which will cause you a bitter disappointment. Why I send for you is, to see whether I can not do something for you to make you happy, in spite of that cruel disappointment."

Not a word from Reginald.

"Mr. Bassett—forgive me, if you can—for I am the most miserable woman in England—you are not the heir to this place; you are not Sir Charles Bassett's son."

"What!" shouted the young man.

Her fortitude gave way for a moment. She shook her head, in confirmation of what she had said, and hid her burning face and scalding tears in her white and wasted hands.

There was a long silence.

Reginald was asking himself if this could be true, or was it a manœuvre to put her favorite Compton over his head.

Lady Bassett looked up, and saw this paltry suspicion in his face. She dried her tears directly, and went to a bureau, unlocked it, and produced the manuscript confession she had prepared for her husband.

She bade Reginald observe the superscription and the date.

When he had done so, she took her scissors and opened it for him.

"Read what I wrote to my beloved husband at a time when I expected soon to appear before my Judge."

She then sank upon the sofa, and lay there like a log; only, from time to time, during the long reading, tears trickled from her eyes.

Reginald read the whole story, and saw the facts must be true: more than that, being young, and a man, he could not entirely resist the charm of a narrative in which a lady told at full the love, the grief, the terror, the sufferings, of her heart, and the terrible temptation under which she had gone astray.

He laid it down at last, and drew a long breath.

"It's a devil of a job for *me*," said he; "but I can't blame you. You sold that Dick Bassett, and I hate him. But what is to become of *me*?"

"What I offer you is a life in which you will be happier than you ever could be at Huntercombe. I mean to buy you vast pasture-fields in Australia, and cattle to feed. Those noble pastures will be bounded only by wild forests and hills. You will have swift horses to ride over your own domain, or to gallop hundreds of miles at a stretch, if you like. No confinement there; no fences and boundaries; all as free as air. No monotony: one week you can dig for gold, another you can ride among your flocks, another you can hunt. All this in a climate so delightful that you can lie all night in the open air, without a blanket, under a new firmament of stars, not one of which illumines the dull nights of Europe."

The bait was too tempting. "Well, you *are* the right sort," cried Reginald.

But presently he began to doubt. "But all that will cost a lot of money."

"It will, but I have a great deal of money."

Reginald thought, and said, suspiciously, "I don't know why you should do all this for me."

"Do you not? What, when I have brought you into this family, and encouraged you in such vast expectations, could I, in honor and common humanity, let you fall into poverty and neglect? No. I have many thousand pounds, all my own, and you will have them all, and perhaps waste them all; but it will take you some time, because, while you are wasting, I shall be saving more for you."

Then there was a pause, each waiting for the other.

Then Lady Bassett said, quietly, and with great apparent composure. "Of course there is a condition attached to all this."

"What is that?"

"I must receive from you a written paper, signed by yourself and by Mrs. Meyrick, acknowledging that you are not Sir Charles's son, but distinctly pledging yourself to keep the secret so long as I continue to furnish you with the means of living. You hesitate. Is it not fair?"

"Well, it looks fair; but it is an awkward thing, signing a paper of that sort."

"You doubt me, Sir: you think that, because I have told one great falsehood, from good but erring motives, I may break faith with you. Do not insult me with these doubts, Sir. Try and understand that there are ladies and gentlemen in the world, though you prefer gypsies. Have you forgotten that night when you laid me under so deep a debt, and I told you I never would forget it? From that day was I not always your friend? was I not always the one to make excuses for you?"

Reginald assented to that.

"Then trust me. I pledge you my honor that I am this day the best friend you ever had, or ever can have. Refuse to sign that paper, and I shall soon be in my grave, leaving behind me my confession, and other evidence, on which you will be dismissed from this house with ignominy, and without a farthing; for your best friend will be dead, and you will have killed her."

He looked at her full: he said, with a shade of compunction, "I am not a gentleman, but you are a lady. I'll trust you. I'll sign any thing you like."

"That confidence becomes you," said Lady Bassett; "and now I have no objection to show you I deserve it. Here is a letter to Mr. Rolfe, by which you may learn I have already placed three thousand pounds to his account, to be laid out by him for your benefit in Australia, where he has many confidential friends; and this is a check for five hundred pounds I drew in your favor yesterday. Do me the favor to take it."

He did her that favor with sparkling eyes.

"Now here is the paper I wish you to sign; but your signature will be of little value to me without Mary Meyrick's."

"Oh, she will sign it directly: I have only to tell her."

"Are you sure? Men can be brought to take a dispassionate view of their own interest, but women are not so wise. Take it, and try her. If she refuses, bring her to me *directly*. Do you understand? Otherwise, in one fatal hour, her tongue will ruin *you*, and destroy *me*."

Impressed with these words, Reginald hurried to Mrs. Meyrick, and told her, in an off-hand way, she must sign that paper directly.

She looked at it and turned very white, but went on her guard directly.

"Sign such a wicked lie as that!" said she. "That I never will. You *are* his son, and Huntercombe shall be yours. She is an unnatural mother."

"Gammon!" said Reginald. "You might as well say a fox is the son of a gander. Come now; I am not going to let you cut my throat with your tongue. Sign at once, or else come to her this moment, and tell her so."

"That I will," said Mary Meyrick, "and give her my mind."

This doughty resolution was a little shaken when she cast eyes upon Lady Bassett, and saw how wan and worn she looked.

She moderated her violence, and said, sullenly, "Sorry to gainsay *you*, my lady, and you so ill, but this is a paper I never *can* sign. It would rob him of Huntercombe. I'd sooner cut my hand off at the wrist."

"Nonsense, Mary!" said Lady Bassett, contemptuously.

She then proceeded to reason with her, but it was no use. Mary would not listen to reason, and defied her at last in a loud voice.

"Very well," said Lady Bassett. "Then, since you will not do it my way, it shall be done another way. I shall put my confession in Sir Charles's hands, and insist on his dismissing him from the house, and you from your farm. It will kill me, and the money I intended for Reginald I shall leave to Compton."

"These are idle words, my lady. You daren't."

"I dare any thing when once I make up my mind to die."

She rang the bell.

Mary Meyrick affected contempt.

A servant came to the door.

"Request Sir Charles to come to me immediately."

CHAPTER THE FORTY-FOURTH.

"DON'T you be a fool," said Reginald to his nurse.

"Sir Charles will send you to prison for it," said Lady Bassett.

"For what I done along with you?"

"Oh, he will not punish his wife; he will look out for some other victim."

"Sign, you d—d old fool!" cried Reginald, seizing Mary Meyrick roughly by the arm.

Strange to say, Lady Bassett interfered, with a sort of majestic horror. She held up her hand, and said, "Do not dare to lay a finger on her!"

Then Mary burst into tears, and said she would sign the paper.

While she was signing it, Sir Charles's step was heard in the corridor.

He knocked at the door just as she signed. Reginald had signed already.

Lady Bassett put the paper into the manuscript book, and the book into the bureau, and said "Come in," with an appearance of composure belied by her beating heart.

"Here is Mrs. Meyrick, my dear."

In those few seconds so perfect a liar as Mary Meyrick had quite recovered herself.

"If you please, Sir," said she, "I be come to ast if you will give us a new lease, for ourn it is run out."

"You had better talk to the steward about that."

"Very well, Sir," and she made her courtesy.

Reginald remained, not knowing exactly what to do.

"My dear," said Lady Bassett, "Reginald has come to bid me good-by. He is going to visit Mr. Rolfe, and take his advice, if you have no objection."

"None whatever; and I hope he will treat it with more respect than he does mine."

Reginald shrugged his shoulders, and was going out, when Lady Bassett said, "Won't you kiss me, Reginald, as you are going away?"

He came to her: she kissed him, and whispered in his ear, "Be true to me, as I will be to you."

Then he left her, and she felt like a dead thing, with exhaustion. She lay on the sofa, and Sir Charles sat beside her, and made her drink a glass of wine.

She lay very still that afternoon; but at night she slept: a load was off her mind for the present.

Next day she was so much better she came down to dinner.

What she now hoped was, that entire separation, coupled with the memory of the boy's misdeeds, would cure Sir Charles entirely of his affection for Reginald; and so that, after about twenty years more of conjugal fidelity, she might find courage to reveal to her husband the fault of her youth at a time when all its good results remained to help excuse it, and all its bad results had vanished.

Such was the plan this extraordinary woman conceived, and its success so far had a wonderful effect on her health.

But a couple of days passed, and she did not hear either from Reginald or Mr. Rolfe. That made her a little anxious.

On the third day Compton asked her, with an angry flush on his brow, whether she had not sent Reginald up to London.

"Yes, dear," said Lady Bassett.

"Well, he is not gone, then."

"Oh!"

"He is living at his nurse's. I saw him talking to an old gypsy that lives on the farm."

Lady Bassett groaned, but said nothing.

"Never mind, mamma," said Compton. "Your other children must love you all the more."

This news caused Lady Bassett both anxiety and terror. She divined bad faith, and all manner of treachery, none the less terrible for being vague.

Down went her health again, and her short-lived repose.

Meantime Reginald, in reality, was staying at the farm on a little business of his own.

He had concerted an expedition with the foreign gent, and was waiting for a dark and gusty night.

He had undertaken this expedition with mixed motives, spite and greed, especially the latter. He would never have undertaken it with a £500 check in his pocket; but some minds are so constituted that they can not forego a bad design once formed: so Mr. Reginald persisted, though one great motive existed no longer.

On this expedition it is now our lot to accompany him.

The night was favorable, and at about two o'clock Reginald and the foreign gent stood under Richard Bassett's dining-room window, with crape over their eyes, noses, and mouths, and all manner of unlawful implements in their pockets.

The foreign gent prized the shutters open with a little crow-bar; he then, with a glazier's diamond, soon cut out a small pane, inserted a cunning hand, and opened the window.

Then Reginald gave him a leg, and he got into the room.

The agile youth followed him without assistance.

They lighted a sort of bull's-eye, and poured the concentrated light on the cupboard door, behind which lay the treasure of glorious old plate.

Then the foreign gent produced his skeleton keys, and, after several ineffective trials, opened the door softly and revealed the glittering booty.

At sight of it the foreign gent could not suppress an ejaculation, but the younger one clapped his hand before his mouth hurriedly.

The foreign gent unrolled a sort of green baize apron he had round him; it was, in reality, a bag.

Into this receptacle the pair conveyed one piece of plate after another with surprising dexterity, rapidity, and noiselessness. When it was full, they began to fill the deep pockets of their shooting-jackets.

While thus employed, they heard a rapid footstep, and Richard Bassett opened the door. He was in his trowsers and shirt, and had a pistol in his hand.

At sight of him Reginald uttered a cry of dismay; the foreign gent blew out the light.

Richard Bassett, among whose faults want of personal courage was not one, rushed forward, and collared Reginald.

But the foreign gent had raised the crow-bar to defend himself, and struck him a blow on the head that made him stagger back.

The foreign gent seized this opportunity, and ran at once at the window and jumped at it.

If Reginald had been first, he would have gone through like a cat, but the foreign gent, older, and obstructed by the contents of his pockets, higgled, and stuck a few seconds in the window.

That brief delay was fatal; Richard Bassett leveled his pistol deliberately at him, fired, and sent a ball through his shoulder; he fell like a log upon the ground outside.

Richard then leveled another barrel at Reginald, but he howled out for quarter, and was immediately captured, and, with the assistance of the brave Jessie, who now came boldly to her master's aid, his hands were tied behind him, and he was made prisoner, with the stolen articles in his pocket.

When they were tying him, he whimpered, and said it was only a lark; he never meant to keep any thing. He offered a hundred pounds down if they would let him off.

But there was no mercy for him.

Richard Bassett had a candle lighted, and inspected the prisoner. He lifted his crape veil, and said, "Oho!"

"You *see* it was only a lark," said Reginald, and shook in every limb.

Richard Bassett smiled grimly, and said nothing. He gave Jessie strict orders to hold her tongue, and she and he between them took Reginald and locked him up in a small room adjoining the kitchen.

Then they went to look for the other burglar.

He had emptied his pockets of all the plate, and crawled away. It is supposed he threw away the plate, either to soften Reginald's offense, or in the belief that he had received his death wound, and should not require silver vessels where he was going.

Bassett picked up the articles and brought them in, and told Jessie to light the fire and make him a cup of coffee.

He replaced all the plate, except the articles left in Reginald's pocket.

Then he went up stairs, and told his wife that burglars had broken into the house, but had taken nothing; she was to give herself no anxiety. He told her no more than this, for his dark and cruel nature had already conceived an idea he did not care to communicate to her, on account of the strong opposition he foresaw from so good a Christian: besides, of late, since her daughter came home to back her, she had spoken her mind more than once.

He kept them, then, in the dark, and went down stairs again to his coffee.

He sat and sipped it, and, with it, his coming vengeance.

All the defeats and mortifications he had endured from Huntercombe returned to his mind; and now, with one master-stroke, he would balance them all.

Yet he felt a little compunction.

Active hostilities had ceased for many years.

Lady Bassett, at all events, had held out the hand to his wife. The blow he meditated was very cruel: would not his wife and daughter say it was barbarous? Would not his own heart, the heart of a father, reproach him afterward?

These misgivings, that would have restrained a less obstinate man, irritated Richard Bassett: he went in a rage, and said aloud, "I must do it: I will do it, come what may."

He told Jessie he valued her much: she should have a black silk gown for her courage and fidelity; but she must not be faithful by halves. She must not breathe one word to any soul in the house that the burglar was there under lock and key; if she did, he should turn her out of the house that moment.

"Hets!" said the woman, "der ye think I canna hand my whisht, when the maister bids me? I'm nae great clasher at ony time, for my pairt."

At seven o'clock in the morning he sent a note to Sir Charles Bassett, to say that his house had been attacked last night by two armed burglars; he and his people had captured one, and wished to take him before a magistrate at once, since his house was not a fit place to hold him secure. He concluded Sir Charles would not refuse him the benefit of the law, however obnoxious he might be.

Sir Charles's lip curled with contempt at the man who was not ashamed to put such a doubt on paper.

However, he wrote back a civil line, to say that of course he was at Mr. Bassett's service, and would be in his justice-room at nine o'clock.

Meantime, Mr. Richard Bassett went for the